



No. 93.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

SIXPENCE,
By Post, 6^d.



MISS MAUD HOBSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI AND CO., PALL MALL EAST.

IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The beginning of the end was plainly discernible in the bulletins about the Czar which reached London in the morning, and during the day the impression that his condition was most critical developed, so that credence was readily given in the clubs to a rumour, circulated early in the evening, that the Czar was dead. Later it was contradicted, but the feeling that news of the collapse might come at any moment remained.—A report was received of the death of the Empress Ye-ho-na-la, the young wife of the Emperor of China. The news of the rout of the Chinese Army on the Yalu is confirmed from Tientsin.—The Ministerial crisis in Berlin resulted in the appointment of Prince von Hohenlohe as Chancellor of the Empire and Prussian Premier, and Herr von Koeller, formerly Under-Secretary of State for Elsass-Lothringen, as Prussian Minister of the Interior. The German Emperor has given, as marks of his favour to the retiring Ministers, the Order of the Black Eagle, set in brilliants, to Count Caprivi, and to Count Zu Eulenberg the Grand Cross and Star of the Royal Family Order of Hohenzollern.—News reached London of the death of that staunch High Churchman, the Rev. the Hon. Charles Leslie Courtenay, Vicar of Bovey Tracey, Canon of St. George's, Windsor, and Hon. Chaplain to the Queen. Canon Courtenay was seventy-eight, and died on Monday.—Lord Rosebery received the freedom of the city of Bristol and unveiled a statue of Burke, making a brilliant speech, attributing the apparent inconsistency of the great orator to the fact that his love of reform sprang from his hatred of revolution.—Lord Salisbury made a stirring speech in Edinburgh, attacking Lord Rosebery's Bradford speech against the Lords, and declaring in his usual forcible fashion that it was ridiculous to suppose the English and Scotch electorate would place their necks under the feet of the men who returned the members for the West and South of Ireland.—Sir Joseph Lister appeals for funds to enable the British Institute of Preventive Medicine to manufacture antitoxin, the new remedy for diphtheria, on a large scale.

Wednesday. The Prince and Princess of Wales left Charing Cross at 8.35 a.m. for Livadia, in response to an urgent message from the Czarina.—The Czar is reported to be in a hopeless condition, but continues to peruse and sign State documents.—Justices Mathew and Charles granted a mandamus commanding the County Council to re-hear the case for the Empire Theatre licence, Mr. George Edwardes having made a lengthy and circumstantial affidavit alleging that certain County Councillors were in a room within hearing of a discussion, by Mrs. Chant and others, of the terms of notice of opposition to the licence, and subsequently spoke and voted in the proceedings in regard to the licence.—Mr. Henry Irving spoke at a banquet given in his honour by the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, and again expressed his faith in municipal theatres, qualifying his former remarks by assuming that any such theatre would be under the control of a cultivated and independent director, a man of artistic instincts and a sufficiently free hand.—The Robert Burns Club celebrated in characteristic fashion the return of Hallowe'en by a banquet at the Criterion, under the presidency of Mr. Colin Rae-Brown.—Lady Trelawny, speaking in aid of the Theatrical Mission and Institute, Macready House, Covent Garden, expressed the opinion that when worried by cares and trouble, there was no recreation which took one so completely out of oneself as a good music-hall.—News reached London of the wreck of the steamer Wairarapa, belonging to the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, from Sydney to Auckland, on Great Barrier Island, off the northern coast of New Zealand, with a loss of 112 passengers.

Thursday. The Czar died peacefully at Livadia at 2.20 p.m., in the arms of the Empress, and surrounded by the Imperial Family. The news was communicated to the Prince and Princess of Wales on arrival at Vienna. The Czar, who had borne his intense suffering with heroic courage from the first, signed documents of State up to Wednesday afternoon. Then the heart action grew much weaker, but he retained full consciousness almost to the moment of death.—The total loss of life on the Wairarapa is now announced as 134, including 111 passengers.—In the Municipal Elections in English and Welsh towns the Conservatives gained 69 seats, the Liberal Unionists 8, the Liberals 28, the Labour Party 15, the Independents 6, and the Socialists 3.—The Duke of St. Albans, speaking at the annual dinner of the Bestwood Park Agricultural Society, recommended agriculturists not to rely on Parish Councils, &c., but to take care to adopt all the latest improvements in agricultural methods.—The Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, speaking at Bristol, decried the notion of Imperial penny postage, and complained of the difficulty in getting cordial co-operation from the railway companies.

Friday. The new Czar of Russia, Nicholas II., published his manifesto, dated Oct. 20 (O. S.), Livadia, and continuing the policy of peace pursued so consistently by the late Emperor Alexander III. The crucial sentence of the manifesto runs thus: "We, however, in this sad but solemn hour, when ascending the ancestral throne of the Russian Empire and of the Czardom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, indissolubly connected with it, remember the legacy left to us by our departed father, and inspired by it, we, in the presence of the Most High, record the solemn vow always to make our sole aim the peaceful development of the power

and glory of our beloved Russia, and the happiness of all our faithful subjects."—Cholera has broken out in Broussa and in Constantinople.—The reported outrage on the British Consulate at Callao and the murder of two ladies there are officially contradicted.—Japan has taken Fort Arthur, Talien Bay, a considerable advantage over the Chinese. It is also reported that the Japanese have taken Fung-Wang-Tcheng, the only fortified town which barred their way in Manchuria.—A new book by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour is announced: "The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology." Longmans will be the publishers.—News reached London of the cordial reception, on Oct. 29, by the Sultan of Morocco, of the British Mission. It was the first visit of Mr. Ernest Satow to the Court of Morocco, and he was much gratified by the warmth of his reception by Muley Abd-El-Aziz.—The Crown Princess of Johore gave birth to a son and heir on Oct. 29.—The freedom of the city of Dundee was conferred upon Sir George Trevelyan.—The Marquis of Breadalbane received a congratulatory address and presentation from his tenantry on the occasion of the Queen conferring upon him the Order of the Garter.

Saturday. The Emperor of Japan, Mutsu Hito, is forty-two years old to-day. He has reigned for twenty-six years, and has shown himself a most enlightened prince, introducing into Japan the telegraph, railways, and ironclads, and many Western customs and ideas. The Prince Imperial, Yoshi Hito, is fifteen years old.—Lieutenant-General Smith's death is announced. He commanded the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards during the Egyptian campaign twelve years ago, was in Tel-el-Kebir, and won his C.B. by his bravery in that engagement.—Stepniak, in an interview, expressed the opinion that the new Czar would grant certain reforms in Russia, because of the existing great discontent, especially a Parliament.—Mr. John Walter, principal proprietor of the *Times*, died at Bearwood, Wokingham, aged seventy-six. He was the "third John Walter," and, like his predecessors—the grandfather who founded the paper, and the father, who made it the leading journal in England—was a man of great ability, unblemished honour, and unflinching courage. The unfortunate Pigott incident in the Parnell Commission was a great blow to Mr. Walter, and the anxiety connected with the whole of that case, and the sad death of his son by drowning a few years ago, altered the complexion of his life. Mr. Walter was a kindly, generous, honourable man, who commanded the respect even of his political opponents.—Viscount Somerton, eldest surviving son of the Earl of Normanton, was married to Miss Amy Byng, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, Equerry-in-Waiting to the Queen, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.—The funeral of Clwydfardd, the Archdruid of Wales, took place at Abergele, with full bardic honours, in the presence of a great assemblage. The bard was ninety-four at the time of his death.—It is reported that the Jabez Balfour appeal has been dismissed by the Supreme Court, Buenos Ayres, and that Inspector Tonbridge will leave, with Jabez in custody, by the first mail steamer. It is to be hoped that this is not one more cry of "Wolf!"—The Empire Theatre was reopened, and the barriers put up by order of the County Council were broken down by *habitués* of the theatre.—Mr. Causton, M.P., opened the new Free Library, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.—Bishop Durnford, the oldest clergyman living, was ninety-two to-day.

Sunday. Sermons were preached in nearly every church and chapel in the country, referring with sympathy and respect to the late Czar Alexander III.—Lord Mayor Sir J. R. Tyler, accompanied by the Sheriffs and several Aldermen of the City, reopened the famous church of Allhallows Barking, in Great Tower Street. The church is one of the oldest in London, and has recently been closed for restoration.—The Court went into mourning for the late Czar, changing to half-mourning on the 18th, and going out of mourning on Dec. 5.—News reached London that the Princess Alix of Hesse was formally received into the Orthodox Greek Church yesterday at Livadia, and that betrothal rings were formally exchanged between the Czar Nicholas II. and herself.—The Prince and Princess of Wales reached Livadia, having been delayed by bad weather. The Czarina is quite prostrated by grief.—Canon Ainger delivered his inaugural discourse as Master of the Temple, paying a high tribute to Dr. Vaughan.—Eugene Oudin, the popular operatic singer, died suddenly.—An attempt was made to blow up with a bomb the Hon. Reginald Brett's house in Tilney Street, Park Lane.

Monday. Southwark Free Library was opened for the use of the public.—The thirtieth anniversary of that popular entertainment, the "Moore and Burgess Minstrels," was celebrated at St. James's Hall.—The Duke of Connaught, who has recovered from his attack of influenza, opened a Soldiers' Institute at Aldershot.—The Countess of Jersey opened a club for South London working women at Hawkstone Hall, Westminster Bridge Road.—The Lord Mayor distributed the prizes to successful scholars at the Aldgate Ward School, Mitre Street, E.—News from the seat of war to-day, though lacking in detail, seems to prove that the Japanese are continuing their victorious advance. A great naval engagement yesterday is reported, but with no information as to the result.

A clever idea of a clergyman's wife has produced a card entitled "The Year at a Glance," which Messrs. Sergison and Kingsley publish at 57, Chancery Lane. By an adroit arrangement, one can at once find the date on this almanack for 1895, which only costs fourpence.

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CANT AND CHANT.

It is quite true that the lady who has led the agitation against the Empire Music Hall has achieved a great personal triumph. She is victorious over the consistency of the *Westminster Gazette*, which has thought fit to attack *The Sketch* for its attitude towards her blundering morality. At the beginning of the controversy about the Empire our contemporary very sensibly pointed out that the only practical question the County Council had to decide was whether the promenade was an orderly place of public resort. The presence of dubious characters had nothing to do with the issue, which was a matter not of morals but of police supervision. Unfortunately, the *Westminster Gazette* abandoned this rational ground, and to hide its own apostasy proceeded to abuse us. The County Council preferred the testimony of Mrs. Ormiston Chant to the testimony of its own inspectors, who have never found in the promenade anything which could by any straining of law and usage be called disorderly; and the *Westminster Gazette*, diverted by some occult influence from the standpoint of cold reason, joined in the foolish hullabaloo about the wickedness of criticising Mrs. Chant's personal character.

As far as it is possible to follow Mrs. Chant's emotional rhetoric, we understand her case to be this—(1) that the Empire promenade was "a mart of vice"; (2) that it ought to be suppressed in the interests of decent working men and their families; (3) that its existence was a stumbling-block to Mrs. Chant's work among fallen women. Now, in the first place, anybody who knows anything about the promenade knows that Mrs. Chant, a fanatic, and, therefore, quite destitute of any sense of proportion, grossly misrepresented the real character of the place. The vast majority of people who went there were attracted by the entertainment on the stage. They might be seen any evening standing in rows, four or five deep, against the parapet, paying absolutely no attention to the movement behind them. Of the minority, some walked about and smoked, some sat at the tables and had refreshment, some talked to the women of the profligate class. Vice was there, no doubt, as it is in many places which no local authority dreams of closing, but to say that it was so obtrusive as to turn the promenade into a market of flesh is to talk the rubbish of the self-opinionated lady who told the Licensing Committee that when she visited the promenade she and her friends were the only virtuous persons present. In the second place, Mrs. Chant's appeal on behalf of the decent working man was ludicrous, for the simple reason, which seems to have occurred to no speaker in the County Council, that a working man never dreams of paying three shillings for admission to a place of amusement. The third point in Mrs. Chant's case shows the cynical effrontery of which some Christian women are not ashamed. In a speech at Chelmsford this lady frankly admitted that the ultimate effect of her policy, if successful, must be the total exclusion of prostitutes from music-halls, and the growth of their traffic in the streets. Here we agree with Mrs. Chant, but we do not, in her beautifully religious spirit, rejoice at the prospect. Driven from the Empire, the women will take refuge at the Alhambra and other places which are to enjoy the unreserved approval of the County Council for at least another year. When Mrs. Chant appears again before the Licensing Committee, those sagacious custodians of public morals, if they yield once more to the clamour of amateur ædiles in petticoats, will close the Alhambra promenade. So by degrees the streets will receive these hapless recruits, and Mrs. Chant will be more triumphant than ever. For, as she assured her audience at Chelmsford, it is better for the prostitutes to suffer misery in the gutter, where they may be disposed to listen to the admonitions of virtue, than to be housed and warmed and comfortable in places where the pleading of Mrs. Chant cannot reach them. This is the policy of reformation by reckless inhumanity on which the County Council has set its sanction, without giving this crucial point of a great social problem a moment's thought. It is intolerable to the oracles of Spring Gardens that vice should be seen promenading at a music-hall; but they are expected to share Mrs. Chant's pious joy when vice is racked by a consumptive cough in Piccadilly Circus on a wet night, because this infatuated apostle imagines that the nearer a fallen sister is driven to the grave, the easier it will be to save her soul.

This is the real question with which London has to deal, and yet the County Council has shown not the smallest perception of the truth. It may be admitted that the Empire directors spoiled their case by bad tactics. The suspicion that they were trying to "bull-doze" the Council—to use an expression with which Mr. John Burns is not unfamiliar—excited prejudice against them, and threw Mr. Burns and others into a frenzy of irrelevant wrath. The interests of this or that music-hall form the merest fringe of the case. The letters from parents with families of five sons and ten daughters, thanking the Council for saving these innocents from contamination, exhibit an ignorance which would be grotesque if it were not ghastly. What is the pollution of the three-shilling promenade to the omnipresent microbe of depraved sexuality in Piccadilly? And what sane citizen imagines for a moment that even an army of Mrs. Ormiston Chants could make the smallest impression on the flagrant evil which one sincere but desperately silly woman, supported by the class of politicians who will not look social facts in the face, is in a fair way to intensify? When the *Westminster Gazette* has recovered its balance, perhaps it will explain what the cause of public morals has gained, or is likely to gain, by a policy which must enlarge the greatest market of vice in the civilised world, a market, moreover, which is supervised by the police, and practically licensed by the County Council.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The critic not rarely has to hold himself in tightly in order to keep back the phrase, "the worst of its kind seen in London of late years"—the first night of "All My Eye-Vanhoe" at the Trafalgar was an occasion. "Have you ever seen anything worse?" said to one another some of those critics who remained to the end, not, I fear, out of a sense of duty, but because they thought there would be an interesting "row" at the fall of the curtain. Yet, on reflection, one feels that it would be unjust to use the fatal phrase. I can recollect a weaker book than that of the melancholy perversion of "Ivanhoe," and perhaps more, even two.

The pity is that the affair has almost all the elements of success. The scenery is pretty; indeed, the third set, which represents a forest glade near the foolishly-named "Stone-will-talk Castle," is charming, would be admired in a production at one of the important theatres, and does great credit to Messrs. Storey and Warren. Many of the dresses were very pretty. The music, by Messrs. "Teddy" Solomon, John Crook, Howard Talbot, and Philip Hayman, though uneven in quality, and by no means brilliant at the best, is, on the whole, as good as that which before now has accompanied a real success. Moreover, little fault can be found with the company; it contains no star of first power, but many members of it are clever performers, capable of pleasing the public, if not strong enough for the Arthur Roberts feat of making current sixpences out of pewter spoons.

Unfortunately, all these qualities without a good libretto are like the Christian virtues unaccompanied by charity. A book which shows as little trace of design as a pawnshop's imitation of a Turner, as scant evidence of order as the Chinese soldiers, as few traces of form as the statues in Bloomsbury Square, a book in which jokes are used that might have seemed stale even when they were really new, a book in which the episodes are as incongruous as golf and matrimony, as inconsistent as fanaticism and fair play, as inharmonious as cats and canaries, as irrelevant to the subject as the arguments of a Hyde Park orator, can kill passable music, pretty dresses, lovely scenery, tolerable singing, honest acting, and dainty dancing. Mr. Philip Hayman's libretto has proved this melancholy fact.

One must do justice to the performers. There was poor Mr. J. L. Shine, who is liked by all playgoers; it was pitiful to watch his efforts. He did his work loyally, sang two-thirds of each of his songs *avec conviction*—to use an untranslatable French term. I say "two-thirds," for it was noticed with amusement that in several cases the third stanza printed in the book was left as an encore verse, and the *bis* never came—a beastly shame, to use a pun of "All My Eye-Vanhoe" quality. The piece has done him harm, for some of us will never think of him without remembering how sadly comic he was when he sat, with an hour-glass in his hand, singing a feeble sentimental ballad, and trying to ignore the gallery's invitation to "cut it short." Miss Maggie Roberts, wittily called Lady Soft-Roe-ina, acted pleasantly, and sang so well that even in the acutest moment of discontentment she received warm applause. Miss Alice Lethbridge, in an ugly wig and unbecoming dresses, danced cleverly enough to win encores, while Miss Phyllis Broughton in some pretty costumes and Miss Clara Jecks in a poor part both earned favour.

The libel laws and my conscience compel me to declare that some parts of the piece were successful, notably the somewhat heavily-handled scenes between the industrious Mr. Fred Storey and energetic Mr. Harry Grattan; and that little Mr. E. M. Robson, gigantic Mr. H. M. Clifford, and the hard-working Mr. Fred Wright, jun., won hearty applause at times. Yet the whole affair met with substantial disfavour, and well deserved it. We had five of the nondescript dramatico-musical shows running before "All My Eye-Vanhoe," and it was already far too many. A curious thing is that Mr. Adrian Ross, by far the cleverest worker in this barren field, has had no hand in the half-dozen.

Perhaps the confirmed playgoer is not altogether glad that the Garrick Theatre has re-opened with "Money," yet he is bound to recommend his friends to see this production. Possibly it is the last important run of the famous piece this century, probably it is its final appearance in modern dress, and presumably it is the last time Mrs. Bancroft will give her Lady Franklin; while to run any risk of not seeing the Sir John Vesey of Mr. John Hare, the Evelyn of Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, and the Clara of Miss Kate Rorke, will be madness from the playgoer's point of view. The three last-named performances alone will repay a visit to the theatre. One would like to see all the players in better parts, but it is foolish to starve because you can only get sprats instead of salmon.

I notice that one critic calls Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke "stagey." It is a curious term to use about performances in such utterly conventional parts. We all know that the delightful Miss Rorke and Mr. Robertson, one of the finest actors that we own, can be absolutely modern and unstagey—who could fling such a term at his work in "Mrs. Lessingham"? No doubt, if he chose, the actor, even in the priggish Evelyn, could adopt an utterly unartificial manner, but what would become of the part? Perhaps the careless playgoer does not, as a rule, notice the curious adjustments that have to be made of one's manner to make it fit a part and the environment. Mr. Robertson had to suit his method to his speeches or to his dress—it was impossible to harmonise it with both. Wisely, he chose the speeches, and in the result is slightly artificial. Had the play been given as a dress

piece, the actor could have made manner, dress, and speeches concordant, and then a method that now seems stilted and stagey would appear natural.

The most striking of the new *tableaux vivants* at the Alhambra is the promenade. The daughters of the Empire seem to have been lifted up like the prince in the "Arabian Nights Tales," and dumped down in the Alhambra, and you could not move an inch without hearing remarks about the humour, one might say absurdity, of such a state of things. It is about time, I fancy, that the living picture craze died out, and certainly the new series on the east side of the Albert Grant Square will do little to delay the end of the matter. No doubt the music of Mons. Jacobi is excellent, indeed much of it is charming, but the pictures are not brilliant. Why, unless you have a model of true physical beauty, you should present her as Diana partly undraped, it is hard to guess. Let us talk as daringly as we please about the beauty of the human form—though, I think, the talk is often exaggerated—but not have it presented save in something like perfection.

It may be hoped that the presentation of soldiers throwing lighted bombs out of batteries, bearing wounded comrades on their backs, and giving dying messages to hospital nurses, may stir up patriotic feelings, and incite young men to join the army, and have a chance of being heroic; but in the pictures it seems impossible to give the effect of breadth and atmosphere that is needed, and the efforts of the performers to keep their countenances carefully adjusted to a tremendous expression results in some rather comical "pulling faces." Pretty, though of absolutely no artistic value, are the livelier themes, such as "Angels Earthward": the heroic come painfully close to bathos.

Even after the strongest meat at the real theatres, one can visit the half-way house of the German Reeds with pleasure, particularly if Mr. Corney Grain is in good form. His new sketch, "Back in Town," shows that he is. Year after year he returns in the autumn to us, and brings back his quaint views about holidays and the curious touches of human nature that he has observed while taking his own. The form of the October sketch does not, perhaps, vary very greatly, even the humours are not entirely new, yet from the time that he sings the lament of the playgoers, "Oh, it's closed," to the end one is amused. The cleverest numbers are "Short Cuts," in which we learn of the cabman's weakness for avoiding the quickest way, and the pathetic ballad of "The Old Dress Suit." Mr. Grain has also written a lively little after-piece, called "That Fatal Menu," in which he is very funny as a waiter. On the whole, the St. George's Hall programme is unusually strong.

It is not every evening, perhaps, that most of us visit Camberwell, but when we do, let us remember the handsome theatre that was opened a few days ago. One may object to the name Théâtre Métropole; there seems no need to choose a foreign name that will prove a cruel stumbling-block to the Camberwellians, and be mispronounced nine times out of ten. Stage-land has its triumphs as well as its reverses. The lights that have been put out at the Empire now illumine the far-off wilderness of Camberwell. The name of Mr. J. B. Mulholland, the proprietor and manager of the new Théâtre Métropole, which opened its doors on Monday night, last week, is synonymous in the provinces with success. Suburban theatres, especially if wedded to a whole-souled but injudicious managerial devotion to the "legitimate," not unfrequently end in the actual theatrical winter of discontent, the condition categorically classed as "frosts"; but the crowded and demonstrative house that witnessed the inaugural performance of "Sowing the Wind" on the opening night augur favourably for the success of this, the latest of dramatic missions. Camberwell, although possessing a poetical and a political interest—it is the birthplace of Browning and of Chamberlain—has not hitherto been associated in the general mind with anything more remarkable than its Green. It is only natural that a suburb possessing so distinctive a feature as a "Green" should be jocund and merry. "Cheery Camberwell" ought to have been a familiar term long ago, but it is only now, thanks to Mr. Mulholland, that the epithet can be applied with any justice, even if tentatively, to the suburb. Architecturally, the theatre is fair to look upon, and it further enjoys the unique distinction of being the first building of the kind erected under the recent London County Council regulations. Indeed, it was only after the minutest investigation, and doubtless with a heavy but intelligent sense of their responsibility for the moral and material well-being of Camberwell, that the Council finally bestowed its benison on what some of the sterner and more spiritually-minded of its members must regard as soul-snaring and decidedly frivolous enterprise.

The theatre has been constructed to seat about two thousand persons, and it is alike externally and internally creditable to the proprietor's artistic sensibilities and the capabilities of his contractors. There are few more comfortable or æsthetically-pretty theatres in or out of London, the prevailing tints of the decorations—cream and gold, light crimson and peacock-blue—in particular composing a most brilliant and effective harmony in colours. During the evening Mr. Mulholland unveiled his scheme of management, which is practically to place before his patrons the most enjoyable West End successes, either after or during the course of their run. With "Sowing the Wind" he made a most fortuitous beginning. The leading characters of this decidedly melodramatic, but cleverly-constructed play, Mr. Brabazon and Rosamond, were powerfully interpreted by W. H. Vernon and Miss Lena Ashwell respectively, while most of the minor parts received a capable and sympathetic portraiture.

THE THREE ALEXANDERS OF RUSSIA.

The black cloud in the East broke last Thursday, when Alexander III. died at Livadia. Of his life no apter description can be given than in the words of Shakspeare, for of all European monarchs no career was more truly a "fitful fever" than that which has just closed so sadly.

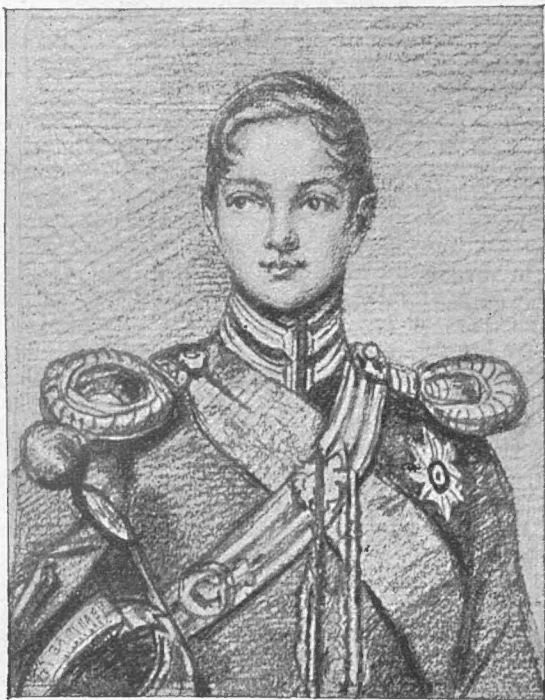


ALEXANDER I.

Ascending the throne through blood, after the terrible assassination of his father, the Czar has spent every year of his reign with a firm grip on the leash of the dogs of war. The proudest title which can be given to the late Emperor of all the Russias is "Guardian of the Peace." At a sign from St. Petersburg Europe might have been plunged in carnage; but Alexander III. has preferred to win by peace a victory no less renowned than those achieved by strife. It seems as if the world had only just begun to appreciate the greatness of his work, accomplished, be it remembered, in times when the pendulum often swung dangerously in the direction of war. The Czar's whole reign has been spent by him in fear of a like calamity befalling him as that

which caused his succession to the throne in 1881. A man of strong affection, he has latterly had the sorrow of watching the ebbing strength of a beloved son, and, if report is correct, a keen anxiety to receive telegraphic news of the Grand Duke George was an early cause of the illness from which Alexander III. has passed away after not quite fifty years of life. One of his last consolations, we trust, was the knowledge that his efforts, under great difficulties, for the good of his nation, were appreciated by Europe. His son, the Czarevitch, has been so lately with us, that British sympathy is all the sincerer on behalf of the young man who has so tremendous a task to accomplish as Czar of Russia. As the *Spectator* finely asserted in a recent issue, all monarchs must have some faith in a Higher Power than their own, and one can only trust that, in this terrible time of test, the new Emperor will receive that assistance which he so sorely needs. To the Czarina, as the sister of our loved Princess of Wales, and to that Princess who, in human probability, will soon wear the diadem of Empress, the sympathy of every heart will be given. And to the mighty Empire which has been so suddenly bereft of its ruler our hands of friendship are earnestly extended.

Alexander I., a miniature portrait of whom accompanies this letter-press, was born in 1777. His education was under the care of his grandmother, the Empress Catherine, and by reason of this fact it was conducted on an unusually enlightened policy. His father was dethroned and assassinated in 1801, when Alexander, at the age of twenty-four, succeeded him as Emperor. In the first year of his reign he concluded a friendly convention with England. After certain relationships with



ALEXANDER II.

France, he joined the coalition of 1805, and was present at the battle of Austerlitz. In the following year he allied himself with Prussia, but was forced in 1807 to make the peace of Tilsit, after the battle of Eylau and Friedland. The next year he made war with England, and, attacking her ally, Sweden, wrested Finland from the latter. His greatest achievement was commenced in 1812, his army invaded France and crushed Napoleon, but maintained throughout a courteous consideration for the French nation, which was reciprocated. He

was well received when he visited London in 1814. The Holy Alliance was an important work of the Emperor, who was gradually changing his anti-repression policy at home. The Greek revolt was looked upon by him as an insurrection that must sternly be repressed—a feeling not shared by the Russian nation.

It is a strange coincidence that Alexander the First's death was, in many respects, similar in its cause and occurrence to that of Alexander III. The death of his loved daughter depressed his spirits, and the inundation of St. Petersburg in 1824 wore out his strength. In September 1825 he journeyed to the Crimea in a sickly state, and died at Taganrog on Dec. 1, having accomplished much, but not nearly all, of his programme of work.

Alexander II. was a grandson of Alexander I., and was born April 29, 1818. His father, Nicholas, took much interest in his upbringing. In 1841 he married Princess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse. In 1855 he came to the throne. The brightest incident of his reign was the emancipation of twenty-three million serfs in 1861. In the Franco-German War, the sympathy of the Emperor was on the side of Germany. The great struggle between Turkey and Russia lasted from 1877 to 1878, and was followed by Nihilist troubles, which found



THE LATE CZAR, ALEXANDER III.

expression in repeated attacks on the person of the Emperor. He narrowly escaped death in 1879, and the next year an explosion alarmed the Royal Family in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. A bomb was thrown at him as he was driving on March 13, 1881, and had fatal results in a few hours.

Alexander III., whose death the world is now lamenting, was the son of Alexander II., and was born March 10, 1845. He married, in 1866, Maria Dagmar, the daughter of the King and Queen of Denmark. The Czarina has given many proofs of her courage in sharing the perils which surrounded her distinguished husband. Alexander III. was not crowned till two years after his father's death, when the ceremony was extremely brilliant. His reign has been far from notable as regards internal changes.

In these days of whirl and worry, anything which will concentrate the former and mitigate the latter is welcome. The "Memonitor" is the latest assistance rendered to busy people by Messrs. W. Webber and Co., who have patented a capital case for filing letters and papers in alphabetical order, or under the heading of months, days, or dates. An upright box, somewhat resembling an ordinary stationery case, contains forty-four blue cards, subdividing by this means all that is placed therein. The "Memonitor" fulfils all that is promised by its manufacturers, and will be of great assistance to everyone who is puzzled to know how he can avoid forgetting important matters and mislaying papers of all sorts. The "Memonitor" is made in two sizes—one being 9 inches by 8½, the other 11 inches by 11, and can be purchased at moderate prices from Messrs. Webber, 6, Saltram Place, Plymouth.

A CHAT WITH MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

"Good morning!" The greeting was received in a charming sitting-room overlooking the well-kept gardens that lie below the famous castle at Edinburgh. The room was bathed in the sunlight of early spring, and all within was in harmony with the bright prospect outside. The voice was that of the lady of this charming bower, as Miss Evelyn Millard came forward with a buoyant welcome that was well in keeping



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

with her surroundings. There is a spring-like gaiety about Miss Millard's smile and voice, that makes it difficult to believe that she has won fame before the glare of the footlights and amid all the artificialities of the world theatrical. But it is so, and in three years the conquest has been accomplished.

"There must be something interesting in such a career as yours, Miss Millard?" I said inquiringly.

"Interesting?" replied that arch young lady, with a smile at my innocence. "Why, no; I have been too fortunate to be interesting. It's always the persecuted heroine who is so interesting, whether on the boards or in real life. And then I've done nothing sensational or romantic. I didn't run away from home, I never went on the stage in defiance of my parents, nor did I have to starve for a dozen years. Luckily for me—though it won't sound so romantic to you as if any or all of these trials had beset me—my way has been made very smooth for me in the profession."

"Fortunate lady, prithee tell your humble servant and the readers of *The Sketch* by what Aladdin's lamp you were able to command such instant success?"

"Let me tell you my experience, if it doesn't sound too egotistical to be talking about oneself at twenty-one. I inherited my love for acting from my father, Mr. John Millard, who was Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy, and also at the Royal College of Music. He was a finished actor, and at home would often entertain us with imitations of the great players of his youth. My father, in his teaching, would give his pupils most dramatic examples of the art they were cultivating, and I would often as a child stand and listen outside the door. It was thus that I got my first acquaintance with Shakspeare—the first that I was able to turn to profit, I mean, for my very first experience of Shakspeare was a good deal earlier, when I was three or four months old. Papa, who was then giving Shaksperian recitals, would always bring me in my cradle into the room while he rehearsed. When I woke up and expostulated loudly, my mother and my nurse would attempt to remove

me; but my father would never permit it. He would wait until I had been pacified, and then proceed with his rehearsing. So, you see, I breathed a dramatic atmosphere from the very first, though," added Miss Millard, with a merry glance that quite belied her words, "I'm afraid those wakeful nights ruined my temper."

"You must have made good use of the few years that separate us from those compulsory recitals, Miss Millard?"

"Well, my father's desire was that, before going on the stage, I should have a good general education. He had no belief in child actresses, and so my education went on, and, concurrently, I studied Shakspeare under my father's tuition. My first appearance on the stage was in July, 1891, when I was engaged by Miss Sarah Thorne for her stock company at Margate: I went through various Shaksperian scenes before her, and she was good enough to express her opinion that I was fit for leading business—an opinion that she backed by engaging me on the spot. I made my *début* as Julia in 'The Hunchback,' and during my three months with Miss Thorne played Juliet, Hero, and 'lead' generally."

"Tell me, Miss Millard," said I, interrupting, "what is your opinion of the 'stock' system?"

"I consider it the actress's best method of training, and I think it a pity that, in a modified form, the old 'stock' days cannot be revived. It is almost impossible for the beginner to get a thorough insight into the art without it, and it has the immense advantage that it enables one to discover the 'line' for which one is best suited. My season with Miss Thorne was the commencement of my good fortune, for Mr. Fred Thorne saw me playing Juliet, and engaged me for his brother's tour. With Mr. Thomas Thorne I played Clara Douglas in 'Money,' Fanny Goodwill in 'Joseph's Sweetheart,' and the title-parts in 'Miss Tomboy' and 'Sophia.' My next step up the dramatic ladder followed on a letter from Messrs. Gatti, who invited me to play Constance in 'The Trumpet Call.' After that I had the honour of creating Alice Lee in 'The White Rose,' Sybil Garfield in 'The Lights of Home,' and Lady Mildred Dashwood in 'The Black Domino.'"

"You were fortunate in reaching London so soon?"

"Yes, I was fortunate, as I told you just now. It might have been several years before my chance came if Messrs. Gatti had not seen me playing Fanny Goodwill, a part that allowed some scope for acting. You know the lines: 'Opportunity is the mother of great events; he whom she



Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

AS ROSAMUND IN "SOWING THE WIND."

favours is praised, he whom she disdains is blamed.' It is difficult to convince a manager that you are capable of playing any other style of part than that in which he has happened to see you."

"You believe in the *matinée*, I presume?"

"Certainly; for any girl who hasn't had her chance in town the

best, indeed the only, course is for her to get hold of a play with a part that suits her and give a *matinée*. If she can act, there's her opportunity; if she cannot—well, there's an end of it."

"How do you regard the 'new drama,' Miss Millard?"

"Every thinking man and woman must be in sympathy with the movement towards greater truth and sincerity on the stage. I admire Ibsen immensely, and would have given anything to have been the original Nora. But I hope I'm not a fanatic. I like to be catholic, and I admire great work in any school, whether it be the modern, the romantic, or the poetical. I am often laughed at for my belief in the poetical drama, but I do believe in it, nevertheless. And Shakspeare—how I long to play Rosalind, Portia, Imogen, Beatrice, and Juliet!"

"Have you any special method of study?"

"No; I cannot say that I have any invariable course of study that deserves to have so dignified a title as a 'method.' Taking up a new part, I always read it carefully and think over it, so as to get a grip of the character before I attempt to 'voice' the part. I never learn the words in any parrot style first. One little peculiarity of mine is that I cannot sit down quietly and study; I must walk about the room. The great secret of an actress's power to move her audience is in having a part that she is in full sympathy with. I am not able to decide whether it is absolutely necessary to all good work that there should be this sympathy with the part. But, speaking for myself, I have always found that the more one feels what one is saying and doing, the more completely one is 'in the skin' of the part, the more thoroughly one holds the audience. I have heard of actors who are able to move the audience to tears one moment, and turning their backs the next moment to convulse the bystanders at the wings with jokes; but I can't understand how that is possible. Naturally, as one is not a machine, one doesn't feel the same every night."

"Before I go, Miss Millard, will you tell me something of your future plans?"

"As for the immediate future, I am engaged by Mr. George Alexander for his season at the St. James's Theatre, and look forward to a successful time."

"But your ambitions?"

"Now, if you want ambitions," replied the young actress, "I have any number of them. Macbeth's was nothing to mine. But it is too

AN APPRECIATION.

Happening to be in the neighbourhood of Bristol during the visit to that town of Mr. George Alexander and the St. James's company, my reasonable curiosity concerning the young actress who has been selected to take the place of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the St. James's naturally

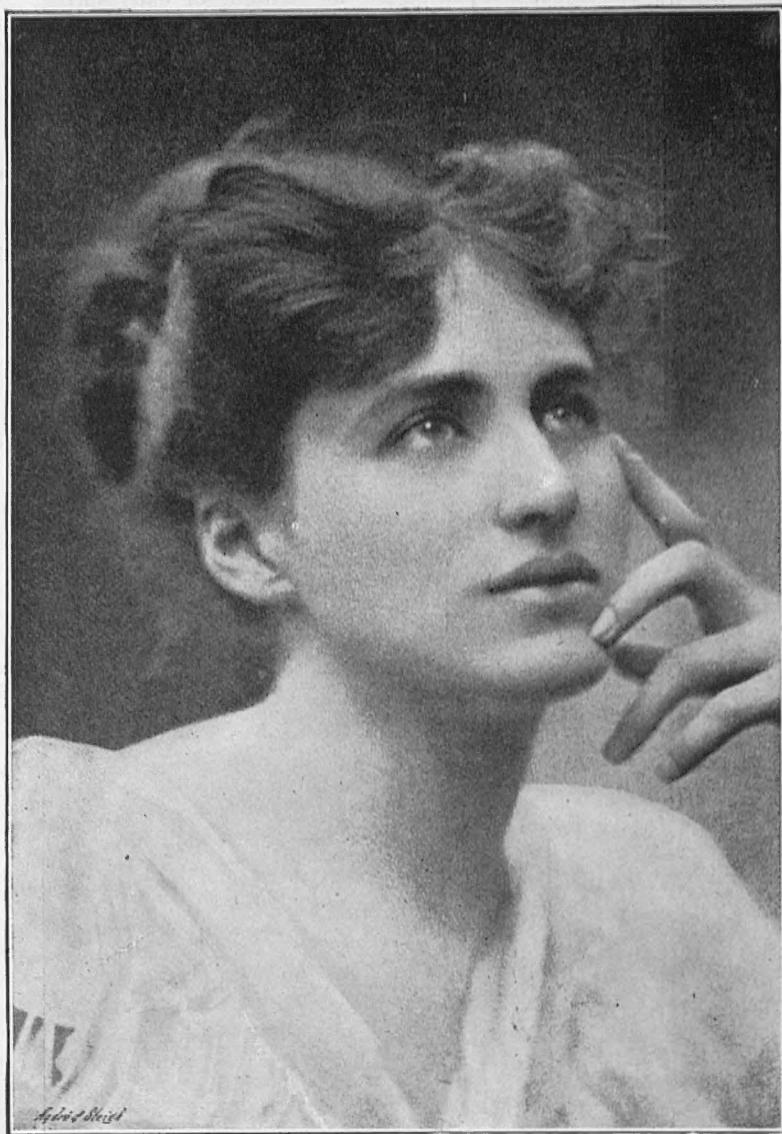


Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.



Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

MISS MILLARD AS LADY MILDRED IN "THE BLACK DOMINO."

early yet to talk seriously of my ambitions, and I am not going to tell you of what may never be more than dreams. I'm not going to let you interviewers laugh at my visions of greatness that look so far off."

And as I took my leave, I thought that if Miss Millard's past success is any indication of her future destiny those cherished day dreams will ere long become solid reality.

H.

led me to the pretty Prince's Theatre, where "The Masqueraders" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" were being performed. And now having seen Miss Evelyn Millard's impersonations of Dulcie Larondie and Paula Tanqueray, I venture to predict with the utmost confidence that when the first of these is presented at the St. James's on Saturday night, the critics and playgoers of London, who only remember Miss Millard as having produced a sympathetic impression in some unimpressive Adelphi melodramas about two years ago, will recognise an actress of remarkable accomplishment, and considering her youth and adaptable temperament, of the very highest promise. As her assumption of the heroine of Mr. Jones's curiously interesting and unreal play, "The Masqueraders," is so soon to be submitted to metropolitan criticism, I may content myself for the present with recording my own impression that this character has in Miss Millard's hands been vitalised for the first time. With the instinct of a true artist and with a fine power of expression, she has been able to show us the heart of Mr. Jones's creation, to reveal to us the secret of the fascination that this impulsive girl exercised over the dreamy, romantic, passionate David Remon, and, till possession was attained, over the brutal Sir Brice Skene. But a very much greater achievement is Miss Millard's embodiment of Paula Tanqueray, for not only does Mr. Pinero's great play stand on an incomparably higher artistic plane than "The Masqueraders." Although, of course, it is impossible to forget the wonderful impression of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Paula, yet, in spite of this, Miss Millard, with an entirely different temperament, brings out all the greatness of the creation by a pure effort of art, draws all the pity from our hearts, and plays upon our sympathies and emotions from the beginning to the end, as if the actual woman were living and suffering, and causing others to suffer with the inevitableness of her life's tragedy, just as if we were experiencing it all for the first time. To do this, and, moreover, to convince us from the first by the charm of her personality that Aubrey Tanqueray had some real justification for his venturesome marriage, is to achieve an artistic success of which any actress might be proud, and I can only say that Miss Millard's impersonation of Paula Tanqueray, with its occasional passages of the finest dramatic impulse, proves that we have among us an actress from whom really great work may be reasonably expected in the future.

M. C. S.

SMALL TALK.

As at present arranged, the Court is to leave Balmoral on Nov. 16, and, travelling *via* Perth, Aberdeen, and Carlisle in the royal special provided by the London and North Western Railway Company, will reach Windsor on the afternoon of Saturday the 17th. The Queen will remain at Windsor until Dec. 20, and during her residence there will entertain a succession of visitors at the Castle, including all the members of the Royal Family, most of the Ministers, a selection of the Corps Diplomatique, and a number of unofficial guests.

The State Apartments at Windsor Castle, which are to be closed after this week, will be re-opened to the public on Boxing Day, if the Queen carries out her present intention of going to Osborne on Dec. 20. Several of the rooms at the Castle have been re-decorated during the absence of the Court at Balmoral, and her Majesty's own private apartments have also been generally "re-furnished." No alterations are ever made in the private apartments, excepting at the express command of the Queen, and then, even down to the smallest detail, the proposed improvements have to be submitted for her Majesty's personal approval before the work can be carried out.

The "private theatricals" given at Balmoral last week by members of the Royal Family and the household were a great success, thanks to the hard work of Mr. Alexander Yorke, who was ably seconded in his arduous task as "director of the revels" by Colonel Bigge. Princess Beatrice is very fond of acting, and plays with much skill and finish. The Queen was very pleased with the performance, and expressed her satisfaction to Mr. Yorke. He is a special favourite with her Majesty, who is always much delighted with his comic songs; indeed, it was for his skill in singing that excellent ditty, "Hot Codlins," that he some years ago obtained one of the coveted little bronze tokens which the Queen only awards to those who especially please her.

On the return of the Court to Windsor Lord Cross is to be the guest of the Queen for a couple of days. He is a *persona grata* with her Majesty, and succeeded the late Lord Sydney as private financial adviser to the Queen, a post for which his former connection with Parr's Bank eminently fitted him. His warm and appreciative criticism of a special brand of Scotch whisky at Balmoral some years back earned him the good opinion of the late John Brown, who ever after spoke of him as a "guid man," and this went a long way to secure for Lord Cross the favour of her Majesty.

The Duke of Cambridge is going again to shoot at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, towards the end of the month, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. The Duke has numerous country-house engagements during the next seven weeks, including visits to the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, to the Duke of Grafton at Euston, to Lord Ancester at Grimthorpe Castle, and to Captain Pretymann at Orwell Park.

The Marquis of Lansdowne was to have received the late Lord Derby's Garter, but "other arrangements" had to be made. The ex-Viceroy of India has not, however, had very long to wait for this coveted honour, and, being a rich man, can well afford the heavy expenditure entailed upon a new knight of this most noble order. The fees, amounting to nearly £1000, are payable to the Board of Green Cloth. One costly item in the outfit of a new Blue Ribbon is the charge for the State robes, which are never worn except at a Chapter, and there has not been such a function for years, and certainly will not be another during the present reign. When a knight dies these robes are forwarded to the Dean of Windsor, who claims them as a perquisite, in right of his office as Registrar of the Order. Lord Palmerston refused to pay the fees, and the officials found there was no way of enforcing payment. All the Garter King at Arms and the Dean of Windsor could do was to inform Lord Palmerston that his banner would not be hung in St. George's Chapel nor his stall allotted until the requisite payment had been made. Lord Palmerston replied that nobody could prevent his wearing his blue ribbon and star, and that he cared not one jot whether his banner was hung up or not; and as to his stall, he had no intention of attending service at St. George's Chapel, and the Dean was at perfect liberty to do what he pleased with it.

No wonder that Bishop Jayne spoke so warmly at Chester the other day on behalf of football, and protested, in opposition to one of his clergy, that he "did not like the devil to have such a good game." In his Oxford days, before he became Fellow of Jesus and tutor of Keble, the future Vicar of Leeds and Bishop of Chester used to be noted for his exploits both as a rowing man and as a football player. Bishop Jayne is still a strong advocate of manly sports, just like Canon Lloyd, who has lately gone from Newcastle to become Suffragan Bishop of Norwich.

Mr. Joseph Hatton writes from the Garrick Club: "Pure fiction, though the tale has appeared in Mr. Hatton's book," said Mr. Catling to your interviewer—said 'pure fiction' being the statement that Douglas Jerrold was the originator of *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*. By my book I conclude Mr. Catling refers to 'Journalistic London.' Now there is no statement of the kind in my chapter on *Lloyd's*. I hope I have written in my time a good deal of 'pure fiction,' but the story of 'The Father of the Cheap Press,' in 'Journalistic London,' is based upon simple facts, supplied by the late Thomas Lloyd and afterwards revised by him in proof. Mr. Catling is so courteous an editor that one might have expected him to consult 'Mr. Hatton's book' before contradicting it."

A Liliputian Fancy Fair, or, as some prefer to call it, an Ethical Bazaar, is to be opened at South Place Chapel, Moorgate Street, on Wednesday, Nov. 7, by Lady Colin Campbell, on Nov. 8 by Mrs. Theodore Wright, and on November 9 by Miss Mabel Judge. The object is to raise funds to clear off the mortgage existing on the building so long associated with the eloquence of W. J. Fox, the colleague of Cobden and Bright, and in recent years with the graceful fancies of American transcendentalism, represented by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The South Place people look upon themselves as the possessors of an ethical oasis in the midst of a howling wilderness inhabited by wandering tribes engaged in the pursuit of Mammon or Mahatmas. They have got on very happily for over one hundred years without a bazaar, and now they feel they must have one to be in the fashion.

But what is an Ethical Bazaar? Well, we are informed it is one in which the objectionable features of the ordinary bazaar are to be altogether absent. As becomes ethical people, raffling is prohibited, and there is to be no unfair advantage taken of willing or unwilling victims, such as sticking to their change or charging absurd prices for useless articles. On the contrary, every article is to be honestly worth the price asked for it, and no illegitimate influence is to be brought to bear to induce one to purchase what he doesn't want. A programme of first-class music (free) and other attractions ought to ensure the idea a brilliant success.

An artist friend who is given to taking holiday in the autumn has just returned from a country which, despite its proximity to England, has seldom or never been compelled to bear the hoof-print of the tourist. He has been on a walking tour through Zeeland with some of his brethren of the brush, and the account of the trip has filled me with envy and regret that I could not accept his invitation to join the party. The Zeeland Islands, as everybody knows, lie off the coast of Belgium, and they seem to be something between Arcadia and Utopia. In the first place, the costume of the Zeelanders is quaint and mediaeval. The women wear dresses which remind us of eighteenth-century prints, white caps, and pink or green neckerchiefs. They wear nothing on their arms in the way of covering except pliant bracelets of gold or silver, and round their necks strings of valuable coral. The very little girls are dressed in precisely similar fashion, and would altogether seem to have stepped out of Paradise or a comic opera. The country is flat, so that pedestrianism is quite easy, the people are charming and hospitable to a degree, food and accommodation are excellent in quality and low in price. Better still, the autumn there has been fine and clear, and the villages have been inundated with sunshine.

The strangest sight in Zeeland is the market, to which the women come in antiquated chariots, clearly some remainder of a bygone era. These chariots are curious, old-fashioned things, unlike anything seen in any other part of Europe. Just before my friends arrived at the market town they saw a woman washing the roof of her cottage with a mop and a pail of water. The roof being flat and the houses low, it is customary to set a ladder against the roof, climb up, and scour it. The effect was very funny. Eggs and butter are the chief things sold, but cows are exported in great numbers. The whole of the country is devoted to the agricultural produce, and there is a very great difference between the mode of life in Zeeland and that in vogue in Holland and Belgium. There is but one risk in giving away the old-world beauties of the Zeeland Islands, and that is its exploitation and desecration by the crowds who pass on their way to Brussels or Amsterdam. There are, unfortunately, only a few places left alone in Europe, but until railways and tram lines and electric light put in an appearance the most offensive specimens of the genus globe-trotter will remain away. So that if the Zeeland Islands will only keep away from the blandishments of civilisation they may do very well.

I am very pleased to see that Mr. Frank Broadbent has been appointed to fill the latest vacancy in the Guildhall School of Music. Though he is better known in Liverpool than London, Mr. Broadbent's success is only a matter of time, and, unless I am mistaken, a very short time. His has been a somewhat varied career, for commerce and art alike essayed to claim him, until he found in music a more powerful attraction. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Professor Edwin Holland, and then went to Milan, where some of the best masters gave him the benefit of their experience. Voice production is his *forte*, and he claims, I believe, that everybody can sing if properly taught. *En passant*, I must confess that this is a somewhat alarming prospect. Mr. Broadbent is the youngest of the Guildhall professors, and is the husband of that charming contralto vocalist, Miss Helen Pettican.

Mimi St. Cyr's success at the Folies Bergère—where she receives the modest remuneration of £50 a week, would seem to have made Parisians anxious to see more of our English dancing girls. If what I hear be true, Mabel Love will be the next to claim the favour of the dwellers in the French capital. Is this simply a passing change or a sign that the taste of our neighbours is improving? Those of us who have watched Rayon d'Or, La Goulue, and other women of the same class going through the evolutions will not unjustly wonder that the men who crowd round these dancers should care anything for the refined and graceful movements of Mimi St. Cyr and Mabel Love. The former does not meet in England with the success she deserves. Those of us who remember the first night of "Little Christopher Columbus" at the Lyric in 1893 will perhaps recall Miss St. Cyr's singularly graceful Eastern dance. Though it was one of the best things in the piece, the public could not, or at any rate did not, appreciate it, and the dance was removed.

I cannot congratulate the management of the Oxford Music-Hall upon its "Carnival Electrique," which bears about the same relation to ballet that "serpentine" does to dancing. In the first place, there is no story, or semblance to a story, and, moreover, the dancing is interspersed with "splits," and the rest of the performance interrupted by selections on ill-sounding instruments and the singing of very monotonous verse. The entertainment seemed to me to be very dull and wearisome, until at last the full currents of electric light flooded the whole of the house. This effect was brilliant, if not artistic; but there was worse to come. A girl started a dance in a costume which bristled with electric points. As presumably they were connected with a battery off the stage, she could not make any but the slowest possible movements. With no desire to be unduly severe, I must confess that it is impossible to say a good word for such a production. It may have suited the frequenters of the Winter Gardens at Blackpool, but I have very great doubt whether Londoners will endorse the provincial verdict. What has ballet done that its name should be taken in vain on behalf of such a thing as the "Carnival Electrique"?

The ornate invitation card to the Lord Mayor's banquet of Nov. 9, 1805, which is reproduced herewith, is of peculiar interest, not only on account of its unquestionable "artistic merit," but because 1805 was the year in which Nelson defeated the French fleet at Trafalgar, while Napoleon struck a balance on land at Austerlitz. Souvenirs of such epoch-making years as this can never fail to be of interest to those who study the story of their country, and as one looks at this invitation card it is curiously stimulating to the imagination to remember that upon this



memorable night England was still ringing with the splendid story of Trafalgar, although it was at the same time mourning the death of its greatest naval hero.

Excitement is a necessary, though unhealthy, adjunct to existence, and there are not very many forms unknown to me. I will, however, give first place to a big horserace, in which one has backed a dark outsider. The recent Cambridgeshire is an instance. I could not leave London, but had backed three horses, Gangway, Encounter, and Indian Queen. The last-named only carried enough of my money to clear me if her companions failed to do me justice, but, none the less, I was deeply interested. Three of us stood in the tape-room of a well-known club, where, by some odd accident, the electric light had gone wrong. It was almost too dark to see the paper, and we lit matches and held them up. "Off!" came up, and then we tried to talk about the weather, and next year's Derby, and the Nonconformist Conscience, and other unaccountable things. I do not think one of us knew what the others were saying, for we were all talking against time. There was a premonitory tick, and one of us struck a match and read "Cambridgeshire Result"—and then the match spluttered and went out, leaving the machine still ticking. It seemed an age before I could illumine the scene, but in reality it was scarcely three seconds, for only "Indi" was visible. It was enough, however, and we rushed out, richer than we went in, and gave the news to the paper boys assembled outside.

It is curious to note that in his "record of barefaced and flagrant adventure," "The People of the Mist," Mr. Rider Haggard has given to his hero the name of that much-esteemed and always-in-earnest actor, Mr. Leonard Outram, who is now playing the part of Dr. Candy with one of the provincial companies of "The New Boy," his wife, Miss Frances Ivor, appearing as Mrs. Rennick. Mr. Haggard, probably, has seen the two words, "Leonard" and "Outram," placed in conjunction upon some playbill, and has unconsciously used them to designate the young Englishman who comes so closely into contact with the worshippers of the sacred crocodile.

Canon Courtenay, who has just died at Bovey Tracey, on the fringe of Dartmoor, was a younger brother of the Venerable Earl of Devon, and had held the living of Bovey Tracey—or South Bovey, as I remember it used to be called—for five-and-forty years. The Canon was universally respected in the west country, and his unfailing kindness of heart had much endeared him to his parishioners. He was a High Churchman of the older school, and I can well remember, some thirty years ago, that he was a perfect bogey to the extremely Evangelistic party in South Devon. Many a time, when I was a boy, have I attended the services at Bovey, which at that time attracted an immense deal of attention, though the ceremonial, which in those days was termed "Puseyite" and "Popish" by some of the good folks of Devon, would now be deemed but very moderately high. Much of the land round and about Bovey, which for centuries belonged to the Courtenays, was acquired some years ago by the late Mr. W. H. Smith.

Go where one will in these reading days, one sees the newspaper even in the most rustic of villages, and yet in spite of their reading—and they do read—how strangely these country folks miscall things! The other day, when I was being blown about in Sussex by those hateful equinoctial winds, I remarked to my old landlady on the roughness of the weather. "Ah! it's them 'auction' gales," was the reply, and, to make myself certain that I had not made any mistake as to the pronunciation, I three times elicited her opinion on the severity of the "October auction gales." Another curious error was one made by the old gravedigger in a little churchyard I visited. Drawing his attention to an old-fashioned rose-bush still in bloom, the "auction gales" notwithstanding, I asked him the name. "One of them Quarter Sessions roses," he answered. That, I suppose, is adapted from the French, and the rose in question is the "*quatre saisons*," without doubt. Here, I think, the unconscious adapter has decidedly scored. By-the-way, I was told a rather amusing story of this same gravedigger, who is a terrible pluralist, holding the ancient offices of parish clerk and beadle in addition to the one mentioned. A lady came one day to this God's acre to see the grave of a friend, and espying my "quarter sessions" friend in a somewhat earthy condition, inquired if he was the sexton. "Well, Mum," he said, "folks used to call me the sexton, then they called me the beetle, and now they call me the Wirgin."

Few members of that ancient and exclusive order, the Garter, can show a longer pedigree than Lord Lansdowne, whose distinguished services have won for him this coveted decoration. The Fitzmaurices are descended from that Walter Fitz-Otho who was a favourite of the Conqueror, Castellan of Windsor, and Warder of the Forests, a noble who consummated his fortune by marriage with a Welsh princess. Fitz-Otho's third son went with Strongbow to Ireland, and there greatly distinguished himself by his wisdom and valour. Twenty Lords of Kerry, his descendants, had in succession been head of the powerful family of Fitzmaurice before the lordship became an earldom in 1722, the first earl having advanced his fortunes by marrying the daughter of Sir William Petty, the famous physician. It was in 1784 that the Earldom of Kerry was made a Marquisate, this honour being conferred on the then Earl in recognition of his services to the State. The first Marquis of Lansdowne, who had learned statesmanship under Lord Rockingham, was Premier in 1782.

An almost vanished mansion in quickly "vanishing London" is the great, grimy brick house that occupied the southern corner of King Street and St. James's Square, of which once fashionable locality it was No. 19. The huge rambling pile was last occupied by the last Duke of Cleveland, and the site on which it had stood for so many years, a site measuring some 11,000 square feet, is to be let on lease for building purposes. Lovers of old London may (if they are quick) still see the solid old porch in King Street, which is all that is now visible of the old town residence of the Vanes. It is more than probable that another club-house—of which the square has already a fair number—will be created in this most desirable position.

Science has done many good things for "medicine" within the last decade or two, but no more notable discovery has been made than the recently-obtained method by which diphtheria, that immemorial *bête noire* of mothers, has been at last brought under a completely successful treatment. A well-known doctor, who has for many years been associated with the Pasteur Institute, has now, at the comparatively early age of forty-one, mastered the virulent secret of this destroying disease, and found an antidote, in a prepared poison, which entirely destroys the bacillus of diphtheria. The President, M. Casimir Périer, has been so interested in the progress of this great discovery that he visited the Institute some days ago and good humouredly put on a "blouse," which all are required to wear in entering the ward, so that contagion in clothes may be avoided. These blouses are afterwards disinfected in hot steam. Curiously enough the antidote which has successfully grappled with this fell disease is blood taken from horses which have been gradually inoculated with a certain poison. Little tubes containing the liquid or serum are filled and sealed up by the scientist who is responsible for this discovery, and are daily distributed to physicians from all parts.

Alderman Marcus Samuel and Mr. George Hand may safely be trusted to uphold with due ceremony the ancient office of Sheriffs of the City of London. They have both had considerable acquaintance with civic work and the various functions which have been discharged by their predecessors. The mention of the City reminds me that large-hearted Alderman Treloar is appealing for funds to feast 2,000 children at the Guildhall on some evening in December or next January. This is a case, as Mr. Treloar rightly says, where "amalgamation" in contributions between the City and the County of London may reasonably be expected. On Nov. 9 Mr. Frederick N. Charrington is hoping again to give a banquet to the East-End poor in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, and he also asks for donations. The Lord Mayor Elect has already sent £50 towards this good object. The Lord Mayor's banquet will in all probability be graced by the presence of the Prime Minister. The invitation-card, printed and designed by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, is a pretty work of colour. A view of Aldersgate in A.D. 1760 is given, *à propos* of Sir Joseph Renals; the Senior Sheriff's connection with London Shipping suggests a picture of the P. & O. steamship Caledonia; while Guildhall, in the ward of Cheap, where Mr. Sheriff Hand is a resident, also figures in the design.

Pneumatic skates are decidedly the invention of the hour, and alarming possibilities of speed are presented by their use, to which those seven-leagued boots we knew and revered at an earlier stage of being are an unconsidered trifle. This skate is, in fact, an application of the pneumatic tyre to walking purposes, and as its ordinary speed covers twelve miles an hour, one may reasonably hope that existence in the near future will be considerably removed from that jog-trot of the prosaic Shanks's pony in past and present to which we still conform. The inventor is Scotch, and a well-known lady in Kirkcaldy has been the pioneer of pneumatic pace in North Britain, to the great amazement and awe of her neighbours. In Glasgow the skate has become a craze, no less universal than that which laid *tout Paris* by the heels—or, rather, wheels—last season. Smooth surfaces are by no means necessary for the practice of this sport, a country road offering no more obstacle than to the bicycle itself. So we may shortly expect to see letter-carriers, country doctors, and all others variously to whom speed is a consideration, skudding along the Queen's highway like ice-boats on the Hudson. There is a delicate suggestion of irony in the recommendation someone has brought forward about introducing pneumatic skates after military drill every morning in barracks. For, "supposing the opposing" army had contracted the habit too, there would clearly be no use in skating away when the others, like Jill, could come "tumbling after."

"At the sign of the Pelican," or rather, where the members of that defunct but unforgettable club once foregathered, a select party assembled,

some days since, for the pleasant purposes of theatre and supper; not one theatre only, either, but a little of each; nor a little Pommery, but magnums of that generous liquid. It was, in fact, an evening party on original lines and a very sufficient scale, the charming notion of engaging a telephone gallery and turning on burlesque or operetta to her chosen friends having occurred to our hostess with completest success and acclamation. Far be it from me to suggest that lovely woman could ever or at any time look grotesque, yet, if such an occasion were to be imagined for one heretical moment, it might have occurred to the puzzled onlooker entering unexpectedly, and seeing a row or rows of dumb divinities holding strange implements to their ears, which seemed like a cross between fog-horns and feeding-bottles, listening

with all their might. We had Claude Duval, May Yohé, and other stars variously *à la téléphone*, and the performance closed with a weird tune, played by electricity on a specially-constructed piano. It was fearsome, and we trembled a little; but the supper changed all that, and for a really original idea, let me recommend a telephonic evening and feasting to follow as a certain draw for hostesses with a social ambition.

Falling among thieves becomes a merely sentimental grievance when one's luggage is insured, and the wary traveller who is much on the tramp abroad will carefully take this precaution nowadays, for the "Continong" swarms with baggage-lifters. I remember in the green and salad days of my first honeymoon (two others have intervened since then) taking a certain case of jewellery abroad, and finding the valise containing it to have been cut open, but at the wrong end, fortunately, so the stones remained by some mysterious dispensation. Bâle, where Mr. Peel was relieved of his luggage some days since, is a noted hunting-ground of the industrious thief, being a large junction, where people come and go to all parts. The Speaker's son had taken the precaution to insure his belongings, however, so the loss will be covered.

Rummaging is an employment full of

fascination to the inquisitively-minded, but is not frequently attended with such finds as that which fell to the lot of an official in the Esterhazy Palace at Eisenstadt a few days since. In going through some old family archives, which are stowed away in a disused chamber, an artistic treasure-trove tumbled out of the portfolio on which the searcher was occupied, which actually turned out to be an unpublished opera of Haydn's. The piece is in one act, but contains, I hear, some rarely beautiful numbers in the composer's best manner. No mention is made of this lost manuscript in that biography of Haydn which was written by Pohl, though it is undoubtedly in the master's own handwriting. In Vienna they are deeply excited over this romantic recovery, and the score will doubtless be soon submitted to the public there. It would be interesting to make acquaintance with this *furor poeticus* that has been so long bottled up from the light of day.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. SAMUEL.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MRS. SAMUEL.



Photo by G. W. Austin, Highbury Place, N.

MRS. HAND.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. HAND.

THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON.



LADY RENALS, THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET.



SIR JOSEPH RENALS, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Madame Récamier, who during her long and brilliant life attracted crowds of devoted friends, has since her death been pursued by more than one detractor, who, for want of real charges against her fame, have not scrupled to piece together fragments of vague gossip, of which only the malevolence survives. Those who had known her in her youth, in the meridian of her beauty, or in the cheerfulness of her old age, had nothing but good to say of her; and of the many suppliants for her favours—although all sighed in vain—none bore her malice, or spoke a word in her disparagement. Married at the age of fifteen to a man who was old enough to have been her father—the latest reader of Madame Récamier's secret wishes us to believe that he actually stood in that relation to the young girl. We are asked to believe this monstrous fable on the ground that M. Récamier, who had been a hatter according to some accounts, and a banker according to others, could only be saved from the scaffold by his marriage with the member of a family of "ultra-revolutionary" views. It is quite true that Juliette Bernard, the daughter of a notary at Lyons, was

sensitiveness and absolute purity who felt the charm of Madame Récamier and the truthfulness of her life. Madame Swetchine, one of the most serious and most amiable women whom Paris had welcomed from a northern home, found an irresistible attraction in Madame Récamier, and was as devoted to her towards the close of her life as Madame de Stael had been drawn towards her in her early years. As for the men who thronged around her, they included all that was most brilliant in France; and, like the Cid, she could say, "Five hundred of my friends." Fouché, and after him Cambacérès, wished to enrol her among the Bonapartists; but from the first she stood aloof, and no little of her importance subsequently was due to the discreet opposition she showed to the Empire. The whole family of the Montmoreneys—some of the first to return to France—were her devoted admirers:

Ils ne mouraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés.

Benjamin Constant, Ballanche the metaphysician, Ampère the writer, and Chateaubriand the sentimentalist, were a few among those who submitted to her sway, and the last-named, at the age of eighty, is said to have offered marriage to Madame Récamier, then a widow of seventy. Although she refused his offer, she did her utmost to soothe the last



MADAME RÉCAMIER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY DAVID, IN THE LOUVRE.

married to M. Récamier in 1793—that is, during the Reign of Terror—and this is the whole solid basis of the calumny. M. Bernard, far from holding revolutionary views, was a Royalist—who was subsequently mixed up in a plot against the First Consul—and it required all Madame Récamier's interest with Madame Bacciochi, Bonaparte's sister, supported by Bernardotte's good offices, to obtain her father's release from prison. M. Bernard, moreover, was neither a needy nor a stupid man. After M. Récamier's two bankruptcies—one in 1805 and the other in 1830—he was able to assure to his daughter the means of living in comfort. He was, with her husband, her most constant companion, and by the testimony of many who enjoyed her hospitality, M. Bernard was by no means the least brilliant or agreeable of those who gathered round her dinner-table or thronged her drawing-room.

Madame Récamier's chief claim, however, to the world's good word is that throughout the wildest days of revolutionary fury she kept up the traditions of good taste, good manners, and literary distinction. Her *salon* was a connecting-link in the chain which reaches from the Hôtel Rambouillet to Madame Mohl's *soirées* in the Rue du Bac, and it may be remarked that among her many admirers and friends Madame Récamier had none more devoted than that eager-eyed, discriminating little Englishwoman who for many years lived under the same roof, and bears willing witness to the Frenchwoman's countless acts of charity done in secret and without affectation. Nor is Madame Mohl the only woman of keen

days of the fretful author of "Les Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," which his vanity had caused him to read aloud in Madame Récamier's *salon*. The only secret of Madame Récamier's life was an open one. She was incapable of *l'amour passionné*—even for Prince Augustus of Prussia, in the sense which alone would have contented him, and others who offered her their homage and, perhaps, also their hearts. She was not heartless, but passionless; and because she was also beautiful it has been thought necessary to traduce her memory. She possessed above all things that "milk of human kindness" which attracted to her all who suffered, and knew exactly how to apply balm to their wounds and find excuses for their faults.

Of the two portraits of her preserved in the Louvre, the one attributed to David by a received though not authenticated legend, was said to have been completed by one of his pupils, possibly by Gérard, who afterwards painted her himself, in a less severe style and less classical attitude. Both works convey a greater impression of regular beauty than the descriptions of those who lived in her society suggest, but, on the other hand, the French painters are supported in their view by Canova, whose ideal of feminine beauty was inspired by Madame Récamier, as is shown by the bust he made of her. She died of cholera in Paris in 1849, in the seventy-second year of her age, having outlived nearly all who, during more than half a century, had formed her once famous *salon*.

LIONEL ROBINSON.



MADAME RECAMIER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GÉRARD, IN THE LOUVRE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A HYPNOTIC ROMANCE.*

What is the secret of this strangely fascinating and exasperating book? The story is most artless, discursive, and even chaotic, with long dissertations much worse than Mr. Marion Crawford's, commonplace reflections on philosophy and religion, many pages of them addressed to a dog called Tray, whose qualities, as described in the familiar lines,

He's faithful and he's kind,
And his tail sticks out behind,

make him a suitable confidant for the soul-struggles of Mr. Du Maurier's young hero. It is impossible to read these passages except in sheer amazement at their triviality. Then there are desolate places inhabited by phantoms of actual celebrity, disguised under fictitious names, a dangerous kind of portraiture, as Mr. Du Maurier has reason to know, and not only dangerous, but grossly inartistic, futile, and uninteresting. I am not going to enter into the controversy raised by one of these portraits, which has been considerably altered since its first appearance. To those who care for this sort of inquiry, there may be some satisfaction in comparing the two states of this particular picture—the latter more gracious than the former, but repainted solely for the purpose of presenting a complete contrast. Was ever anything in fiction so flat and unprofitable? What reader wants to find himself suddenly plunged into a second-hand dealer's shop in which there is a number of portraits of real persons, with not the smallest relevance to the story, and in which the dealer is ready to make a hasty change, should any of the originals come along, and fly into a passion? Great novelists there are who have taken liberties with their contemporaries, but not in this way; they have at least used their models for the purposes of art; and if their style is leisurely and their construction loose, they disarm the criticism of more exacting methods by the qualities of fine insight and imperishable distinction.

But the charm of Mr. Du Maurier's book conquers its most glaring defects. To anyone who loves Paris the glamour of that city in these pages must be irresistible. Where is the life of the studio in the Quartier Latin described with such vividness? Trilby's love-story is marred because the young painter, who appeals to her very large heart, and who is called "Little Billee," with an affectation almost as maddening as the damnable iteration of the word "darling" by the stupid Englishwoman in Anatole France's novel, "Le lys Rouge," is such an insipid specimen of sentimental youth. His two companions, Taffy and the Laird, though furnished with many genial touches, are so sketchily individualised that it is not always easy to tell one from the other. But Trilby O'Ferrall, the *blanchisseuse de fin*, the model who sits for the "altogether," and has the most beautiful feet in Paris, the waif who has grown up in the Quarter by no means spotless, but uncorrupted and full of womanly tenderness; Trilby, who is eloquent in the slang of two languages, and sings "Ben Bolt" magnificently out of tune, is a truly delightful figure. There comes a time when she is not quite human, when, indeed, she is almost as portentously unreal as the fate-bound heroine of a Saga; but in the early scenes of the studio she is superb. Mr. Du Maurier has done nothing so well as Trilby's first introduction to the three Englishmen, and to the musicians, Svengali and Gecko, who play such a sinister part in her history. Svengali, the villain of the piece, is, in some respects, a remarkable conception. I don't know whether his mastery of music will bear any technical analysis, but its imaginative effect is very striking. The influence of this singular personality over Trilby is natural enough, for Svengali does not seem to me a whit more

incredible than Paganini, who was believed by many simple people to be the Devil. But it is when Svengali turns Trilby, the tone-deaf, into the most famous singer of all time by sheer hypnotism, that both of them become mythical. "Little Billee" wants to marry the lovely model, but the British matron, in the person of his mother, arrives in time to make Trilby see that such a *mésalliance* will destroy the boy's prospects, though there is no reason in the world why a painter should not be famous, even if he does marry a lady who has sat for the "altogether," and for mentioning whose lapses from one particular virtue Mr. Du Maurier thinks it necessary to apologise solemnly. So the lover has a desperate illness, and Trilby disappears, and a few years later electrifies Europe by such song as mortal ear had never heard. The lover who has thought himself quite cured of his passion, and who has spent the interval in painting great pictures and in talking twaddle to Old Dog Tray, is fiercely enamoured once more. He is wantonly assaulted by

Svengali, who has his nose pulled by Taffy—a capital bit of writing. Then comes an astounding scene, in which Svengali dies of heart disease in a box at the theatre, and Trilby sings "Ben Bolt" in her earlier manner, to the scornful amazement of the audience. It is supposed that the sudden death of Svengali has turned her wits, especially as she has no recollection of her triumphs, and is simply the Trilby of old, without a note of music in her head. But it appears later that Svengali was in the habit of throwing her into a hypnotic trance, that he and Gecko spent three years, working eight hours a day, thoughtfully anticipating the ideal of the Labour Party, in the task of training her voice, naturally of extraordinary range and volume, till it became the most marvellous organ ever known. Svengali simply said "Dors!" and Trilby became unconscious. She learned to sing without knowing it; she enchanted Europe in equal ignorance; but when the magician died, and there was nobody to say "Dors," the spell was broken, and she never sang again till she saw a photograph of Svengali, with some hypnotism left in his eye; whereupon she astonished her old friends by singing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, "not only the most divinely beautiful, but the most astounding feat of musical utterance ever heard out of a human throat." This was Trilby's swan song, and she folded her hands and passed away, with the name of Svengali on her lips.

Here is a romance which may well overtax the most robust credulity; yet it is far more impressive and persuasive than the crude intervention of the British matron and Mr. Du Maurier's meditations on life. Even when most improbable, Trilby never loses her magic, and she is lovely, pathetic, and adorable to the last. She dominates her English friends by what they call her irrepressible Trilbyness, and it is this element which, whenever she is on the scene, informs Mr. Du Maurier's style with grace, humour, tenderness, and eloquence. When she is absent he sinks into the depths of the trivial—she seems to hypnotise him just as Svengali hypnotises her. It is one of the most curious obsessions in fiction.

L. F. AUSTIN.



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Mr. G. H. Powell, who is on the point of issuing an anthology of humorous poems which he entitles, "Musa Jocosæ," is a man of thirty-five to forty, tall of stature, and with a lofty brow. He has written articles for the magazines, and is author of "Playtime with a Pen" and "Rhymes and Reflections." Mr. Powell lives in chambers close to Temple Bar, and there has one small room filled with bookcases. His favourite books are well-bound French works of the memoir and aphorism class, and he carries on his collecting with a fixed purpose in view. He is a skilful draughtsman, and has for his own use compiled various chronological tables of the principal books published and events recorded from the Middle Ages upwards.

* "Trilby." By George Du Maurier. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. 1894.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

FRANK EBERHARD'S STORY.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET SCOUT.

We had just eaten supper at Frank Eberhard's ranch on the Rio Bonito, in New Mexico, and were seated on the veranda which ran in front of the low adobe ranch-house, enjoying a smoke and a chat. At the table I had been greatly impressed with the rare beauty and modest demeanour of Eberhard's young Mexican wife. It seemed strange that she, yet but little more than a child, and of a race regarded by Western people as inferior in the social scale to the whiter-skinned Americanos, should be the mistress of the greatest ranch and the wife of the most wealthy cattle-king in all that region. She had not taken a prominent part in our conversation at the table, her knowledge of the English language being somewhat limited; yet when she did venture a remark or respond to an inquiry I could not but note the soft music of her voice, and when at some witty remark she joined in our laughter the room seemed filled with ripples of silvery sound.

As Eberhard and myself sat on the veranda enjoying our cigars and the delightful coolness which always follows as a sort of an apology for the heat of a New Mexican summer day, I said to him—

"I was not aware until this evening, Frank, that you had married a Mexican girl. Could you not find one of your own race good enough for you?"

He smiled good-naturedly, and, knocking the ashes from his cigar, replied—

"Plenty of them, no doubt; but I never felt in a marrying mood until I fell captive to Marita's dark eyes. There is a bit of romance connected with our marriage, and I don't mind telling you the story if you care to listen.

"You are, no doubt, aware of the fact that by my father's death in Denver, a few years ago, I inherited a very comfortable fortune. I tried to fill his place in the business world for a time, but somehow I always seemed out of my element in busy city life, and the desire grew upon me to secure a great ranch and establish myself in a more quiet life.

"Nearly three years ago, I severed the last business bond, and started out to seek for such a ranch as my day-dreams had pictured. I looked all over Arizona and Northern Texas, and finally drifted up to Las Cruces, on the Rio Grande. I reached that town on the third day of July, and found the people in a flutter of excitement over the celebration of the following day. There were to be races and other sports, so dear to the Western heart,

and men of gambling disposition were backing their favourites with a reckless liberality characteristic of the Far West.

"I soon learned that the greater interest centred in a foot race which was to take place between three young girls—an American, a Mexican, and an Indian who had won several such contests in the towns farther north, and who had been brought down to enter the contest by sporting members of her tribe. The American girl was the daughter of a bullying fellow named Matt Parker, who ran a saloon, and whose reputation was not exactly that of a saint. I was told by a merchant friend, a gentleman with whom my house had long sustained the most agreeable business relations, that during our Civil War Parker was one of Quantrell's band of cut-throat guerillas, took a prominent part in the sacking of Lawrence, Kan., and often boasted of his deeds of murder while a member of that organisation. Unlike the very large majority of regularly enlisted Confederate soldiers, who accepted defeat, and who are now on terms of brotherly friendship with their late foes, and are unswerving in their devotion to the grand old flag of our fathers, he was yet an uncompromising rebel, and would use the Stars and Stripes as a dish-cloth rather than allow them to float over his house. After the war he engaged in the horse and cattle stealing business, smuggled whisky into the Indian reservation, and rumour linked his name with a daring stage robbery down in Texas in the early seventies. He held no regard for the Fourth of July as a patriotic holiday, and took part in arranging the festivities of the day only for what he could make out of them by staking money on the various races. The foot race between the girls was an idea originated by himself, for he

believed that the bluffers and Thugs who hung about his place, drank his *aguardiente*, and bowed to his will in everything, could by some skulduggery retard the progress of the other two contestants, and allow his girl to win the race, and himself to win the heavy stakes which would be placed upon the result of the contest.

"I learned, too, that there were grave suspicions that the Indian girl and her people had been 'fixed' with cash, and that she would purposely drop behind, leaving but the Mexican and American girls as the real contestants. The backers of the Mexican girl were mostly from her own people, though a few Americans had backed their belief that she would win with pretty heavy stakes. However, the friends of the Montezuman fairy were largely in the minority, and greatly feared there would be foul play which they would be unable to prevent.

"I went to the grounds the following afternoon with no intention to take any part in the festivities except as an onlooker. The track was a straight one, half a mile long, just outside the town, and when



She stumbled, and fell on her hands and knees.

I reached it I found a great crowd assembled there—Mexicans, cowboys, Indians, and the entire American population of the town, at that time small. Matt Parker was there, flourishing a roll of greenbacks and loudly soliciting bets on the horse races, but more particularly challenging anyone to post money against his girl in the foot race.

"Noting a crowd collecting near by where I stood, I stepped forward through curiosity to see what was attracting it, and learned that the Mexican girl was there with her friends, who seemed to be expostulating with her. When I had elbowed my way through the motley crowd near to her, I could not but stare in amazement. I had expected to see a rough-looking, dark-skinned, ill-clad girl, such as we so often see in the Mexican towns, but, instead, I found her a rarely-beautiful young creature, with large, tender eyes, and evidently of a very timid disposition. There were tears in her pretty eyes, and her voice trembled as she replied to the half-angry words of those about her.

"A great, big, fine-looking cowboy stood near me (there he is now, out by the branding chute, God bless him!—Big Tom, my foreman, and he will be my foreman as long as I run a ranch), and, turning to him, I asked the trouble. He understood the Mexican tongue, and, with a somewhat dangerous light in his eyes, he replied—

"'Some o' Matt Parker's sneakin' dogs have been a-threatenin' the gal, an' have got her so skeered up she's afraid to run. There's crooked work a-goin' on here, an' if I wasn't afraid it'd bring on a row, an' that somebody that didn't deserve it'd git hurt, I'd pull my gun an' claim fair play, if I got downed fur it.'

"The horse and donkey races were soon over, and Parker's winnings

were so small that he was in a decidedly bad humour. The girls were then called to the scratch for the foot race. By this time I had become deeply interested in the contest; and I want to say right here, Jack, that it has always been my nature to take the part of the under dog in the fight, no matter what odds may be against it. I felt my whole soul go out in sympathy to that frightened little Mexican jewel, and when I heard Parker and his followers decrying her sprinting merits, and doing all they could to create a feeling against her and so embarrass her that she could not run as she would under more favourable circumstances, I felt the Old Nick spirit that's in me struggling to the surface.

"The girls came on to the track, the Parker girl, an ill-looking, ungainly creature, brazen and defiant, the Mexican timid and casting appealing glances into the faces of the great crowd, and the Indian maiden quite unconcerned and seemingly without interest in the contest. The Parker girl was dressed in a skirt of flaming red, scarcely reaching her knees, and beneath it wore white stockings and a pair of gaudily-ornamented dancing-slippers. Marita, the Mexican, was clad in plain grey of neat and modest cut, and was barefooted. The Indian girl, after she had thrown off her blanket, wore but little more than the look of unconcern which I have described. The distance to be run was two hundred yards, and there were to be three heats should two not be won by one contestant, the party distanced in the first heat to drop out and leave the other two to finish the race.

"At the usual Western signal, the crack of a pistol, they were off, and for quite a distance it was 'neck and neck,' and then Marita took the lead. The Indian girl, as I could now see, by a preconcerted arrangement, was several yards in the rear. On they came, Marita with a half-scared look of triumph on her face, the Parker girl wearing an ugly frown, and straining every muscle to overtake her. When but a few yards from the outcome, a heavy cow-boy *sombrero* sailed out of the crowd, and Marita's feet struck against it. She stumbled, fell on her hands and knees, and, although she had but a moment later regained her feet, the Parker girl had passed her and won the heat.

"The Parker crowd yelled themselves hoarse, and old Matt caught his girl and hugged her to his breast. A hideous toad hugging a no less hideous snake—I can think of no better simile. The cry of "Fraud!" was raised by the backers of the Mexican girl, but the cow-boy swore that his hat had blown off by accident, and the bullying majority ruled that it was a square heat. I walked down to where Marita was standing, and such a change I never saw. Her Spanish blood was thoroughly aroused; her great lustrous eyes flashed defiance at the crowd, and, as the big cow-boy who had remained near me informed me, she had seen the man purposely throw the hat, and was denouncing such rascality, and was offering to give the American girl ten feet the start in the coming heats if assured of fair play.

"I could control myself no longer. Calling loudly for attention, I attracted the crowd around me, and in my indignation said—

"Men, I am ashamed of you! You claim to be American citizens who love fair play; you are celebrating the proudest day in American history, yet you lend encouragement to an act which would cause any honest man to blush with shame."

"Who are you?" a dozen voices yelled.

"I am an American, and I assure you I have nothing but disgust for those in this crowd who are disgracing that name. I came among you seeking a home, came with a desire to help build up your business interests, but I'd rather locate in a nest of rattlesnakes than among men who would plot against a young, defenceless girl. Now, I am worth half-a-million dollars—your merchants here will tell you that my cheques are good for any amount—and I will bet any man in this crowd five thousand to one hundred dollars that the Mexican girl will win the next two heats, for I am going to see fair play, and I believe there are enough honest Americans and natives here to back me in doing so."

"You bet your life thar is!" Big Tom yelled. "The curs that's backin' ol' Matt Parker are cowards, an' every square cowboy in the crowd will stay with you, stranger. Won't you, boys?"

"Tom seemed to be a great favourite, for at his words a ringing cheer went up, and a hundred voices yelled for a square deal. Marita ran to me, and, taking my hand, said in her 'cute broken English—

"Oh, Señor, I thank you. You good man. You *mucho bueno Americano*. Me win. Me win. Bad man Parker; he no laugh some more. *Mil gracias, amigo mio*."

"I assured her that she should have fair play, and that if her enemies desired to place any more money on their brazen favourite I would meet every wager.

"I will back you for all I am worth," I said to her, "for I know you can win."

"It was a wild, foolish assertion, but I was thoroughly aroused, and was determined to down the Parker faction, even should I meet with defeat by their rascality and lose heavily. But no one evinced the least desire to accept my challenge. Parker came to where I was standing, in a crowd of cow-boys who were assuring me that they would stay with me, and said angrily—

"Look 'ee here, old man, I don't know that you've got any business to interfere with our celebration, seein' you don't belong here. You'd better pull in an' ride a little slower, fur yer a-gittin' on to dangerous ground."

"Big Tom laid a hand on the bully's shoulder, and in a low but determined voice said—

"He's not headed towards no bog as I kin see, Matt Parker, an' he's a-goin' to hold his gait. 'Stead o' pullin' in on the reins, he'll work his spurs an' keep a-hittin' the ground in his own way. This are the Fo'th o' July, an' we're square American citizens, an' fair play's the

fast, rule o' patriotism wherever that yonder flag is a-flirtin' in the air. The race is goin' on, an' it's a-goin' on squar', an' I'll hop on to the trail o' the fust sneakin' coyote that interferes with the Mexican gal an' run him down, an' if you or any o' yer pizen-whisky suckers happens to git in the way, thar's a goin' to be a purification in this community. Eh, boys?"

"A cheer was the reply, and the bully saw that, a champion having arisen on the other side, his power was gone. He realised that if his girl won the race she must do it fairly, and, trembling with rage and with fear that he would lose the money he had wagered, he went to his scowling offspring and offered her clothes fit for a princess if she would put forth her very best efforts and win another heat.

"I need not dwell on the result. Marita won the two remaining heats easily, and when she came to me, with her beautiful face aglow with smiles of triumph and gratitude, her expressive eyes made some effective work in my susceptible breast.

"The crowd called on me for a speech; nor would it be silenced until I had mounted a goods-box rolled over to me to be used as a platform. It was no new business for me, Jack, for I was a famous debater at college, and had since often taken part in political campaigns, speaking to large audiences. I warmed up after talking a few moments, and before I knew it I was reeling off a patriotic Fourth of July speech that set those people wild. Lord, how they cheered every patriotic utterance! Matt Parker stood on the edge of the crowd, and wore a sneer on his repulsive face as I talked Union principles and advocated reverence and love for our glorious old flag. After a time he seemed to become interested, and once he clapped his hands and nodded approval as the crowd cheered some loyal sentiment. I seemed inspired, and eloquence rolled from my lips as I rained heavy blows at those who seemed not yet aware that the war was over, and that the former foemen were now friends and brothers.

"The town was wild that evening. There was no fighting or quarrelling, but everyone seemed in the best of humour, and determined



"Take a drink an' be friends."

to make that Fourth a memorable one. During the evening I sauntered away from the hotel to see what was going on. Hearing a loud voice raised in vociferous song in Parker's place, I approached the door and looked in. Old Matt, drunk as a lord, was standing on the end of a whisky-barrel singing, or trying to sing, 'The Star-Spangled Banner' to an enthusiastic crowd. He caught sight of me, and, springing to the floor, came forward and grasped my hand, and insisted that I should 'take a drink an' be friends.' I told him I did not drink intoxicants, but would take a smoke with him, and he pulled me up to the bar and called on all in the house to take a 'Union drink.' As he raised his glass aloft he cried, 'Here's to Yankee Doodle an' hail Columby, an' long may she wave!' It was a wild night."

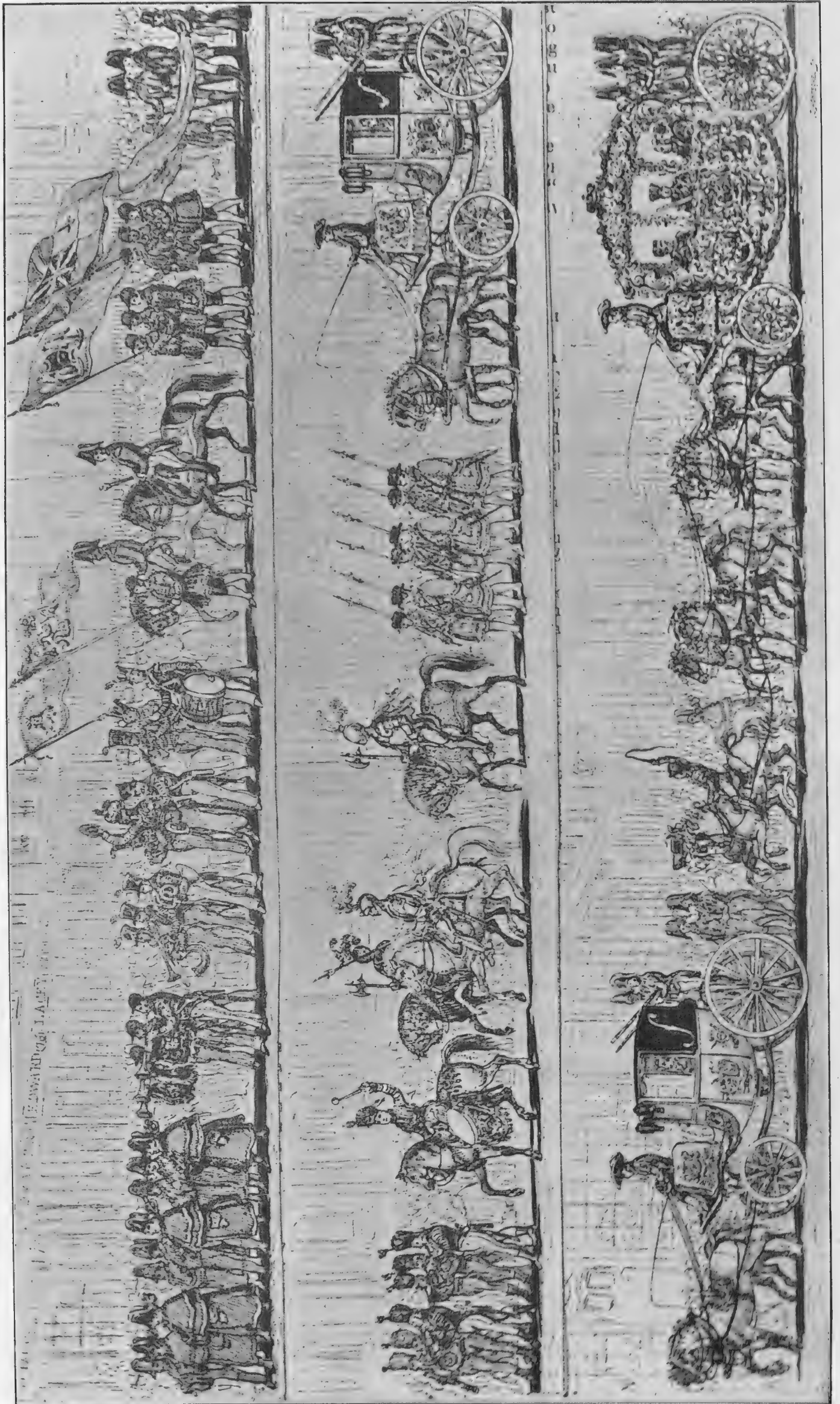
"And Marita?" I asked.

"Oh, you know the rest. Same old story. I am yet backing her for all I'm worth."

MADAME LYDIA IN "COUCHER D'YVETTE."

From Photographs by C. Ogerau, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris.





THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF A CENTURY AGO.

THE DRESSES OF THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON, 1836.

The dress of a Lady Mayoress, it can readily be believed, has always been a feature of the great civic ceremonial of November the Ninth to which much consideration has been given. For the wife of the Chief Magistrate of London is a very different personage from that of a mere citizen like John Gilpin, of whose better half it is recorded that "Though

published at the time that Mrs. Kelly, the Lady Mayoress of that year, fully grasped the responsibility of her position, for, whatever may be our opinion of the æsthetic value of the costume as compared with the charming creations of to-day, the plate in question at least presents a facsimile of the very latest Paris fashions of that date. With the



on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind." When the proud position of Lady Mayoress has been attained, the everyday virtue of frugality would seem almost transformed into a vice, and even so long ago as the year 1836, one year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the Lady Mayoress was looked to as the arbitress of civic fashion. And it will be seen by the accompanying reproduction of a plate

exception of the elaborate *coiffure* of the Lady Mayoress, which is of the much be-plumed character made familiar to us by the portraits which have come down to us of Queen Adelaide of pious memory, the effect of the whole costume and toilet is one of simple elegance. The crinolines are of very modest proportions, and the laced bodices and full skirts of the dresses are not conspicuous for any *outré* fashion, either in colour or design.

SOME ALHAMBRA FAVOURITES.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MDLLE. LOUISA AGOUST IN THE TITLE-RÔLE IN THE BALLET "SITA."



Photo by Zuccaria, Florence.

MDLLE. CLOTILDE, ANTIPODEAN DANCER.



Photo by Pierre Petit, Paris.

THE HUGASSETS, AÉRIAL GYMNASTS.



Photo by Montabone, Turin.

THE DONATOS, ONE-LEGGED ACROBATIC CLOWNS.



MISS EMMIE OWEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

POSTERS AS PICTURES.

The Press view of the First Exhibition of Posters in England, just open at the Royal Aquarium, was a piquant sensation to jaded critics of our galleries. The huge, insistent exhibits,



with their daring experiments in patterns and colours, attracted the eye, but the rival attraction of the music and noise of the daily show in the arena below made it hard to devote all one's attention to them. Indeed, at moments, even the most ardent devotees of the "fierce placard" were tempted to gaze on the acrobats, danseuses, and grotesques, who seemed, in the glamour of limelight, to have leaped from the walls to take part in the show. At times a group of solemnly-occupied art critics would find a rope-dancer in tights brushing past them; or a learned analysis of decorative art would be cut short by the report of a cannon close by. Mr. Edward Bella, the originator of the admirably-managed display, deserves the first word of praise, if only for the daintiest of catalogues, illustrated by a score

of capital reproductions, and prefaced by a most admirable essay by Mr. J. T. Clarke. To the uninitiated, all this interest in the poster must be inexplicable; yet people now not merely observe posters, but collect them. Almost every item shown is credited to "Coll. Bella," "Coll. Ernest Hart," "Coll. Clarke," as the case may be, for all the world as if they were pictures, bronzes, or gems, and a collection of posters a distinguished proof of being a connoisseur of art. To describe the two hundred exhibits is hopeless. The place of honour is rightly awarded to Fred Walker's "Woman in White," probably the first example of any English artist of eminence troubling himself with the matter. Herkomer's huge *Magazine of Art* poster is not shown, but his very inadequate *Black and White* is in evidence. The examples by Grieffenhagen, Beardsley, Dudley Hardy, Raven Hill, and a few other Englishmen, are still on our hoardings everywhere, so they are here interesting chiefly for comparison with French designs.



A Liverpool poster, by Robert Fowler, R.I., a forgotten design for the "Hippodrome at Olympia," by Walter Crane, and one by Frank Brangwyn, almost exhaust the list of native attempts. Yet, of these the best do not suffer by the comparison with Parisian work. Among the designs not yet executed, those by the Scotch artists who sign themselves the Beggarstaff Brothers are entirely satisfactory. One for "Pianos," and another for "Washing Blue," a "Hamlet," and a "Candles" are really first-rate attempts—original, artistic, and admirable advertisements. They deserve to be reproduced on every dead wall. A very amusing parody of Aubrey Beardsley's style, by J. Hearn, for "Pygmalion and Galatea" at Oxford, must not be overlooked. Of the Frenchmen, Jules Chéret, the originator of the modern school, is represented by close upon fifty of the 400 credited to him in the interesting preface of the catalogue. But Lautrec, the incomparable, distances all others here. His "Caudieux," "Aristide Bruant" (2), and "Le Matin," are examples of superb power. But nearly all, notably the "Reine de Joie," are the last word of Japanese realism, combined with Parisian artistry. Of others who deserve careful study, Grasset, the French equivalent of our æsthetic decorators, with fifteen typical examples; Amant-Jean, Boutet de Monvel, with a couple of his prim little maidens witching and delightful; Willette, an early



experimenter in posters, with two recent designs for Van Houten's Cocoa distancing his first attempts; Bonnard, whose "La Reine Blanche" is the daintiest thing in the show; Choubrac, Gausson, Guillaume, Ibels, and Metivet, Sinet, and Steinlen, three near rivals to Lautrec, are among the best. The defiant note of a few, the tendency to hideously repulsive subjects, the *fin de siècle* convention of others with their flat masses of black or colour, will probably provoke the man in the street to loud disapproval. But to the critic satiated by pictures the new sensations here offered are many. The exhibition will probably inveigle many pilgrims to the Westminster variety show on its own merits, and the combined attractions of the place will cause a large proportion to return frequently, whether to study the posters or performers depends on one's personal bias towards the "penny plain or twopenny coloured"—the two classes into which a well-known wit insists that both placards and people may be divided.

G. W.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has arranged that during his absence in America provincial playgoers shall be made fully acquainted with his version of "The Manxman." Mr. H. Cecil Beryl, acting on behalf of the Nottingham Theatre Company, has acquired the No. 1 and No. 2 rights, and is immediately sending out two companies on tour. Certain other rights have been obtained by a clever young actor, Mr. Maurice Bandmann, son of the well-known Daniel Bandmann and of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer (the Millie Palmer of old). She, it will be remembered, played Lady Macbeth to Mr. Willard's Thane of Cawdor at an Olympic *matinée* six years and a half ago. She is much respected in the country as a touring actress-manageress.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The sad death of Mr. Eliezer Montefiore, director of the National Art Gallery at Sidney in New South Wales, was very sudden. Mr. Montefiore was an extremely enthusiastic amateur, and has been also described as a "draughtsman of no mean order." It was his glory to have introduced—if the word be not a little exaggerated—art to the Antipodes, and the Sidney Gallery became, owing to his efforts, the continent of a very remarkable collection of pictures. Among them was De Neuville's splendid work, "Rorke's Drift," for which the Colony paid no less than £2000, the same price having been paid for Mr. Luke Fildes's "The Widower." It is currently asserted that Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded," which hangs in the same gallery, cost £1500, and the only nude subject—or if not the only one, one of the very few

It is a curious desire on the part of Pope Leo XIII. that his tomb should be sculptured and made real during his own lifetime, and one may even be pardoned for disliking a little the egotism which looks so persistently forward, beyond the portals of death. An autocrat who has forbidden, under spiritual pains and penalties, the clean rite of cremation may, however, be understood, even if he be not exactly forgiven, when he thus glorifies the ceremony of burial in connection with his own poor bones. So far, however, as the artistic side of the matter is concerned, the work has been entrusted to Signor Maccagnani, and will be built out of white Carrara marble. It will consist of a sarcophagus, upon which a lion will rest, with its fore-paws against the Papal tiara. Upon the right a statue of Faith will stand, with



MR. H. C. POLLITT AS DIANE DE POUGY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HOLLYER, PEMBROKE SQUARE, KENSINGTON. EXHIBITED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

nude subjects—which appears to be tolerated by Australia, Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Triumph of Spring," was purchased by Mr. Montefiore for the same gallery for £750.

The late Vicat Cole, Sir John Millais, Mr. Sidney Cooper, Mr. Gow, Mr. Sant, and many another Academician of fame are also represented in the same gallery. In many respects, indeed, Mr. Montefiore created this gallery by his judiciously popular purchases. One would not perhaps be quite prepared to say that this collection, which was chiefly the work of his hands, was, from the point of view of consummate art, altogether desirable. No doubt Mr. Amaranth and Lord Reggie Hastings—made known to fame in "The Green Carnation"—would have sniffed a good deal in the presence of these Academic achievements; nevertheless, it must, in defiance of such a probable judgment, be confessed that the gallery, as it finally blushed and bowed before the public gaze, was an extremely respectable, and in part a brilliant collection of contemporary art, for which we are fain to respect the memory of Mr. Montefiore, without whose efforts the gallery would probably never have existed.

a torch in one hand and the Scriptures in the other; upon the left a figure of Truth will be placed, the hand resting upon the Peccati arms. It sounds a little dowdy in description, but, of course, everything will depend on the treatment. One is pleased, however, with the modesty of the epitaph which is to adorn this composite work of art, merely these words: "Hic Leo XIII. P.M. pulvis est." But might it not all have been left to posterity?

The winter exhibition at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours has this year nothing which particularly distinguishes it from the exhibitions of former years. There are a few pictures, indeed, which are worthy of record, and those few are so distinctly above the average as to be, in a small way, remarkable; and that is to say as much, after all, as can customarily be said of modern exhibitions. Mr. Shannon, for example, takes a new and meritorious turn. "The Purple Stocking," a Dutch interior, really shows a carefulness and a love of his own personal art which we have for some time declined to associate with a fashionable portrait painter. The colour is quite charming, and the details are worked out with considerable skill, with even commendable anxiety.

There are landscapes and seascapes which have the merit of some beauty. Mr. Cotman contributes a large canvas, called "Steaming into Lincoln," which has much skill in the interpretation of atmosphere. The water and the steam are quite admirable in their delicacy. Water, indeed, is the chief success of the exhibition. Mr. George Wetherbec's "Summer Sea" is a charming desertion from his summer pastorals; his new achievement is beautiful in colour and delicate in treatment. Mr. Claude Hayes's "A Showery Day" has quite a noble quality of its own, illustrating as it does a stray flock of sheep under a rainy, gloomy sky.

Mr. Carlton Smith's "Sweet Springtime" is an extremely pretty work, pretty in colour, and pretty in design, the apple-blossoms and the grey girl harmonising beautifully with the young green. Miss Henrietta Rae's "Pandora," a sufficiently hackneyed subject, has a certain strength and attractiveness, but it lacks solidity and fulness. Miss Rae gives me the impression of starting with ideas that are even brilliant, only, in the event, to fail in adequacy of treatment.

The Goupil Gallery now has a show which is very well worth the trouble of a visit, containing some thirty odd works of Anton Mauve, whose death deprived us of one of the most charming artists of our generation. Here you are brought face to face with one to whom Nature was in a sense, as she was to Wordsworth, even a passion. The pastoral life, with its exquisite variety of beauty, its multitudinous movement of the air, its composure, its peacefulness, as well as its harder human side, was to him part and parcel of his existence. "The Lost Sheep" is a wonderful instance of this last quality, with a genuine sense of rather gruesome poetry. "The Willow Pool" and "Afternoon," on the other hand, are quick with quietude and the pure beauty of nature.

The lack of English catalogues in many of the art galleries on the Continent is a serious drawback for travellers. Mr. Heinemann has met the *desideratum* by issuing, to begin with, a catalogue of the famous Accademia delle Belle Arti at Venice. There is at present, besides an Italian catalogue, only an antiquated French one, so that the English catalogue now offered literally fulfils what must have been a long-felt want. The majority of the paintings in this collection were at one time the property of religious fraternities which have since been suppressed, or of churches which have been demolished. The interest which belongs to the collection is heightened by the fact that it is thoroughly representative of the birth, maturity, and decline of Venetian painting, and contains examples of masters whose works are scarcely to be met with outside the Venetian territories. The catalogue, which has been compiled by E. M. Keary, contains biographical notices of the artists and some process reproductions of their works, and it is very clearly printed. It is even more extraordinary that the Madrid Museo del Prado—probably the finest picture gallery in the world—boasts of none but a Spanish catalogue. Mr. Heinemann will thus shortly issue an English catalogue, compiled by E. Lawson, as a companion to the one on the Accademia at Venice.

The Foreign Art Supplement to the *Magazine of Art* forms a very handsome collection of pictures, some good, some ordinary, and some frankly melodramatic. Among this last class is a rather dreadful composition, "The Precursor," with its weird and not very impressive light surrounding the decapitated head and body of the Baptist. One of the best pictures is quite a remarkable collection of portraits by Jef Leempoels, called "Heads of a Family." There is something quite masterly about both the modelling and the grouping of these seven heads, each with its own individuality, yet each bearing an unmistakable family likeness. But by far the most touching reproduction in this fine volume is that of Von Uhde's exquisite "On the Road to Emmaus." That such work as this should be anathematised, as it has been, as bordering on profanity, seems to our mind incredible.



A WOOD NYMPH.

Executed by C. B. Birch, A.R.A., in 1884, for the Art Union of London. Gained the premium of £100 for the best original figure or group, a prize open to all nations.



CREVASSE ON THE ATETSCH GLACIER.—VITTORIO SELLA.
IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DISTRICT VISITOR : " There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

VOICE FROM THE BED : " Let 'em gnash 'em as 'as 'em ; I ain't 'ad none for this last thirty year."



MRS. PROWLING PRUDE: "Now, my dear, we can go to the Empire together without any risk whatever."



THE VALUE OF MOMENTUM.

Voice in the background (plaintively)

Jow, — Jow! WITE FER ME!

"Jow." Now BLOOMIN' FEAR! — WHEN I
STOPS, I — GOWS OWVER!



THE INCORRIGIBLE PUBLICAN.

"'Ullo, pleeceman, wot 's this 'ere 'ouse closed fur?"
 "Woffor? Servin' a drunken man?"
 "Lettin' 'im go to sleep on the premises?"

"Lost its licence."
 "No."
 "No. Turning 'im out to sleep in the street."

THE THREE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF "THE NEW BOY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



"I DON'T MIND MARBLES OR LEAP-FROG, BUT I'LL BE D—D IF I PLAY FOOTBALL!"



"WHY, THESE CIGARETTES ARE NOT CHOCOLATE, BUT TOBACCO! YOU NAUGHTY BOY!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Barlow has published a novel, "Kerrigan's Quality" (Hodder and Stoughton). It is not the equal of her "Irish Idylls," or her "Bogland Studies," because to not a page of them could we be indifferent, while the main story here, which concerns quality and not peasantry, leaves us cold enough. But there is in it a great deal of the same material out of which the Idylls were made, material from which Miss Barlow knows how to draw the pathos and the humour as does no one else.

She does not harrow your soul with realistic descriptions of how the Glenore folks starve. By more indirect, but also more effectual means, she lets you watch their apprehension when the season comes round, that they must in their "clumsy and cranky and crazy fishing fleet" take to sea—"Seaworthy boats cost money, and lives are more easily forthcoming." There is no groaning on their part nevertheless; the only variation to their fatalistic resignation is an occasional humorous good-natured protest, such as, "For the matter of that, I wish it had been the same to th' Almighty to ha' contrived this country a trifle solider-like when he was about it, for, if you come to consider, that's where most of the trouble lies—we're short of dhry land. . . . The sense in a strip of land you can aisy see; there's no call to be wastin' your time wonderin' what that's intended for. Pitaties, sez I."

Miss Barlow's reading of the melancholy of the Irish peasants is altogether different from that of Miss Lawless. By the humour in herself she has divined the same quality in them that makes life to them a brighter and more buoyant thing than it is to many stolid, more prosperous folks.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy once sang of poets—

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory.
One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

He was not himself, perhaps, of that powerful order, but he was, a true singer, nevertheless, though many lovers of poetry to-day have never read one of his lines, and have no knowledge of what the world lost by his early death.

His best and his average work lay very far apart, and his best is very small in quantity, which explains why it is only a selection of his poems that have been edited by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and published by Mr. John Lane. Even the selected poems have been cut down—a trifle too much, perhaps, for our perfect comprehension of them. This little remainder here presented shows grace and tenderness, much promise, and not a little fulfilment. "Chaitivel," "The Fountain of Tears," and "Bisclaverat" have power in a high degree, and the last none of the occasional weakness that spoils many of his best conceptions.

Mrs. Moulton writes a pleasant preface, biographical and critical. The exquisitely bound volume is a fitting, if somewhat tardy, tribute to the dead poet's memory.

A literary *tour de force* is generally admired rather than willingly read, and Mr. Sidney Grier's "In Furthest Ind" (Blackwood) may have fewer readers than its great merit deserves. Perhaps the best and fairest recommendation of it would be put on the ground of its contribution to the history of little-known circumstances. It purports to be the autobiography of a young Englishman, Edward Carlyon, belonging to a Cavalier family of broken fortunes, who enters the service of the East India Company in the reign of Charles II. He falls into the hands of the Inquisition, has a marvellous escape, and numerous other adventures. The imitation of the style of the time is very admirable, and Mr. Grier has put into his hero's mouth sentiments and prejudices becoming the age, ingenious mistakes, too, which he, as editor, is careful to correct in footnotes. In fact, he has made the book as like an authentic contemporary record as possible, only, as perfection is not possible in this kind of thing, perhaps some of his pains are wasted. But as a solid addition to the general knowledge of the beginnings of our power in the East it is a very notable book.

Sudermann's "Der Wunsch" has been translated for English readers by Miss Lily Henkel, and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Miss Elizabeth Lee has written an introduction for it. If I mistake not, "Frau Sorge" is the only other of his works that has been put into English, and when it appeared a few years ago it attracted very little attention. Perhaps, to make his name known widely and emphatically among English readers, "Frau Sorge" should have been followed by his masterpiece, "Der Katzensteg" instead of by this interesting but minor tale. Sudermann is certainly among the twelve outstanding imaginative writers of Europe at this moment, and in England our share of these is not so great that we can afford to be blithely ignorant of him. "Dame Care" showed him as a writer of much subtlety, "The Wish" makes his sympathetic qualities clear, but "Der Katzensteg" would explain and justify his reputation in Germany. Miss Lee says some very obvious things in her introduction, and some that are not very obvious, but her sincerely appreciative words will doubtless win many new English readers for Sudermann.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Battle of the Empire has come and gone—and the mountain has given birth to a mouse. None of the parties to the strife have any particular reason to congratulate themselves. Mrs. Chant has come best out of the whole business; she set herself to do a certain thing, and has done, it *quocunque modo*. The persons who contributed folly to the *Daily Telegraph* frequently fell into the error of abusing that lady, or insinuating that her own character might not entitle her to judge others. The class of philanthropists to which she belongs is almost invariably blameless.

For the rest, the Empire directors have done all in their power to secure their defeat, and what they have left undone has been kindly supplied by their supporters in the Press. They chose to use language that not only understated their case, but completely gave it away. Probably, the large majority of those using the promenade came there with entirely innocent intentions. It was becoming a recognised place of assignation, doubtless; but it was also, and in a greater measure, becoming a sort of club, where a man could stroll in, see part of a variety entertainment, or half a ballet, take some light refreshment, and be fairly sure of meeting a few City friends or acquaintances. A good many of those who had seats would use the lounge to stretch their legs during the "turns" for which they did not care. To these two classes of people the presence of the disreputable element was probably rather unwelcome than otherwise, carefully regulated as that element was, as a rule. But by defiantly standing out for all or nothing, the Empire management courted defeat. The members of the London County Council, uneasily conscious that they are not particularly eminent men, and that their power is new and hardly secure, are naturally all the more anxious to vindicate their dignity. The merest suspicion that they were being bullied or "got at" was enough to rouse them to fury. Demos and his representatives will give anything to those who come cap in hand and with bated breath; but he who plays Coriolanus will meet the banishment of Coriolanus.

But the defiant attitude of the Empire management does not excuse the total disregard for equity betrayed by the proceedings of the Council. That body employs and pays a staff of inspectors to detect everything objectionable in the places of amusement under its control. These inspectors were not called, and if any report was made by them it was suppressed. The case against the Empire rested only on the unsworn and untested evidence of admittedly biased witnesses. Some of the statements made were probably true, others exaggerated, others mistaken. No steps were taken to sift true from false. Evidence which was amply sufficient to warrant a searching official inquiry was held to justify a verdict, and condemnation was based on the vehemence of the attack, rather than on the merits of the case. In short, the Empire was lynched rather than tried; and, even if no greater injustice was done by the verdict, the procedure was in the highest degree dangerous. The worst criminal has a right to a fair trial, and caprice, even if it now and then does justice, is none the less caprice.

The word caprice suggests the late unexpected events in Germany. The Crichton-Kaiser, while having his "Song to Ægir" performed with great success, has discovered that his German Chancellor and Prussian Premier were pulling different ways. With the intuition of genius, he has forthwith nonsuited both disputants, and replaced the two by the aged, but still vigorous, Prince Hohenlohe-Chillingfürst—if that is his right name. So, unless Hohenlohe quarrels with Chillingfürst, there will probably be peace in high quarters—a circumstance that redeems the action of the Kaiser from the charge of being merely Capricious.

It is curious to find that Lord Rosebery is "going one better" than the late Mr. Parnell. He exhorts his partisans to take off not only coats but waistcoats for the battle with the Lords. It is possible that the Peers, now the cold weather is coming on, will hardly feel alarmed—though they may be shocked—if the Radicals proceed to disrobe even further. The House of Commons is to pass some sort of a resolution affirming its own predominance—which nobody denies—or else denying the right of the Lords to veto its measures, which amounts to declaring that the Lords are absolutely useless, and practically abolished. And if Lord Rosebery himself has any expectation of any particular result from such a proceeding, he is a much less sensible man than the world has hitherto supposed him to be.

Though Lord Rosebery's reputation still remains too much like Rosebery Avenue in Clerkenwell—a magnificent site, with nothing in the way of building on it.

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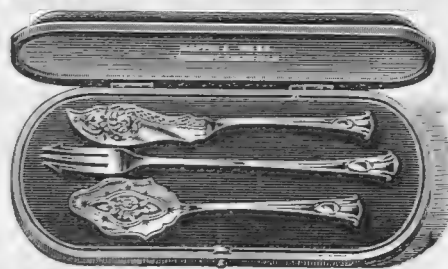
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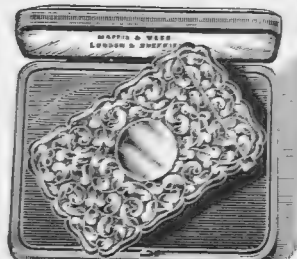
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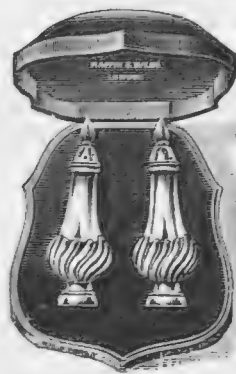
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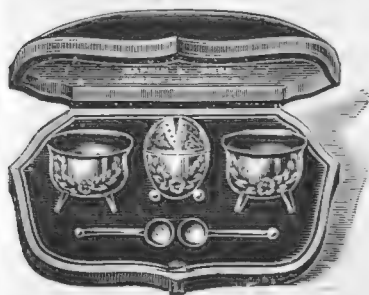
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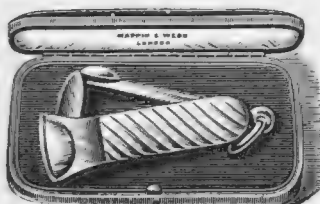


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EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 1 lb. or 2 lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. For readers' information, we may say that on sending cost of postage (sixpence) a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the book (256 pages) containing the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

The following are Extracts from other Journals:

CORPULENCY AND THE CURE.

All excessively fat people are greatly to be pitied. Their appearance gives one the idea that they have brought their troubles on themselves by self-indulgence in the matter of eating and drinking; but this is a fallacy. Obesity is a disease, nothing more nor less, with which over-feeding has nothing whatever to do, and very often the poor panting sufferer eats perhaps only half the quantity that is consumed by a lean and hungry-looking fellow being. Mr. Banting once came to the rescue of stout humanity, but his regimen of semi-starvation was found to be most injurious to health. Other systems have been proved to be equally detrimental, even if they in any way alleviated the chief complaint for which they were taken. Mr. F. C. Russell, whose name has been much before the

public of late, has originated a system greatly in advance of all previous ones, inasmuch as no important change of dietary need be made during the treatment, and as nothing detrimental to the general health is in the medicine which he prescribes. On the contrary, the universal testimony is that, while losing their superabundance of fat daily, the sufferers have felt health and activity increase; in fact, as one lady writes, whose letter we have seen, "She never felt so well in her life"; and another that "It [the medicine] is most refreshing and exhilarating, and diluted will form an agreeable table drink." We have had an opportunity of seeing a great many of the original letters received by Mr. Russell daily from the ladies and gentlemen who have tried his medicine, and the whole tenor of them is the greatest of praise of the medicine and its results, thus giving proof positive of its efficacy. Mr. Russell will forward his book (256 pages) on application and enclosure of six stamps, including postage. This will more fully explain his treatment and give some hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which can be seen. Letters should be addressed to Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Mrs. Leach's Practical Family Dressmaker.*

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar-cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these

savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 lb. to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminently against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists', for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million.*

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, so that anyone can see at a glance whether he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really well worth reading.—*Forget-Me-Not.*

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JONAS LIE.

Not the least fascinating figure in modern Norwegian literature is Jonas Lie. Born sixty-one years ago, on Nov. 6, near Drammen, he has lived to achieve the highest place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson have acquired a more universal reputation, perhaps, but it is Jonas Lie who is affectionately called "The Poet of Family Life." When he celebrated his sixtieth birthday last year, the streets of Christiansand, where the novelist lives, were decked with flags and bunting, the musical societies combined and sang odes composed in his honour. In the capital itself a great banquet was held to express the admiration of Norway's most cultured society for their great fellow-countryman. Of a truth, one cannot say concerning Jonas Lie, that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country."

Nor is it difficult to account for his hold on the tastes and feelings of the Norwegian people. He has been less influenced by foreign European thought than his rivals. It is Norway, with its fjords, mountains, glaciers, its isolation from the rest of the world, which has been his happiest inspiration. In fact, when he has wandered from his native land, as in the story of "Faustina Strozzi," dealing with an episode of modern Italian history, he has failed. His genius, too, is best discovered in the limning of the Norwegian character, a character of sharp contrast, black-and-white, with few half-tones or none, yet humorous withal, so that to some degree he has justly earned the title of "Norway's Dickens." Nevertheless, Norway, more than any other country, is rich in varieties of humanity as well as nature. Though born near Drammen, from the age of five his early years were spent in Tromsø, a town within the Arctic Circle. In that wild Northland his spirit was fashioned by the stories he heard from peasant and fisherman. There Nature seems more mysterious, awe-inspiring, than in greener, smiling lands. One cannot help being a poet amid such surroundings, and young Lie so drank in the magic of the Northland that it has become a constant note in his work. Says one of his biographers: "In the next incarnation Lie must become a silver fox, so fond was he of rambling over the frozen snow in the moonlight."

His own description of this Northland will clearly indicate the novelist's consciousness of the effect it had upon his genius—

Northland is a boundless, stone-grey waste, as it was in the primeval times, before man began to build. It has a sun and summer glory, whose day is not twelve hours only, but an unbroken period of three months, during which, in many places, one must wear a mask as a protection against mosquitoes; but, on the other hand, the night is a time of darkness and horror, lasting nine months. Everything there is on a gigantic scale, without the gradual transitions between extremes, upon which the quiet life here in the south is built: in other words, there are more occasions for fancy, adventure, and chance than for calm reasoning and quiet activity with certain results.

Jonas Lie inherited, too, this witchery of sea and mountain from his mother, who was a native of Northland. On the other hand, the work-a-day actuality, so characteristic of his best books, descended to him from his father. Like the majority of Norse lads, he had a Viking strain in the blood, which turned his thoughts to the sea as his profession. He tells how he used to go down to the shore, when the spray was dashing highest and the wind bellowing loudest, and in a very ecstasy cry out to the spirit of the storm. However, a personal defect was literature's gain. His eyes being weak, he went to the University of Christiania, where he met Bjørnson and Ibsen. There he graduated in law, but his attention was turned to journalism, and he abandoned all thoughts of making his way as an advocate.

Jonas Lie attained but slowly a full expression of his individuality and poetic genius. While Bjørnson's brilliant and overbubbling nature immediately worked its way to the front, while Ibsen's poetry from the first mirrored his inmost thoughts, Lie had to pass many years before he took the first decisive step towards success. He was thirty-four when he published his first collection of poems. The venture was a failure. His genius had not yet found its fittest method of expression.

Three years after, he brought out "Den Fremsynte," which has been admirably translated into English this year by Miss Jessie Muir, under the title of "The Visionary." The book was not only a success, it was a triumph. The people therein saw mirrored in clearest fashion the

mystery, the beauty, the gloom, the horror of the life of Norway's sons and daughters. Those widely read in European literature felt that here was a man who for the first time had faithfully depicted the spirit of the Norse character. David Holst, the "seer," could no more be a Swede or a Dane than a blackamoor.

In quick succession followed a volume of sketches and "The Pilot and His Wife," both of which added fresh laurels to their author. Then Jonas Lie, having obtained one of those travelling pensions with which the Storting is wont to recognise native genius, went to Finmark, thence through Germany to Rome. This was the period during which the Italian novel referred to above was produced, together with "Thomas Ross," "Adam Schröder," and others. It proved to be but an interval, however, while he was groping his way to a brighter and serener light. Then came "Rutland" and "Go On,"



JONAS LIE, BORN NOV. 6, 1833.

A Sketch from Life.

both sea stories of high merit, but completely thrown into the shade by the succeeding story, "The Family in Gilje."

Then followed a procession of novels at intervals, among which the best known to English readers is "The Commander's Daughters," done into incomparable English by Mr. Edmund Gosse. His last novel, published in November, 1893, marks another epoch in the novelist's literary life. "Niobe," the title of this novel, is more dramatic than any previous work. There are none of those exquisite descriptions of scenery and the fitful moods of sky and sea that so charm the reader in his earlier works. He plunges into the story at once. He has become the impressionist, and dashes off his characters with a few bold but masterly strokes.

A sketch of Jonas Lie cannot close without a reference to his wife. Mrs. Lie is of the same age as her husband, and they were married in 1830. As every chapter is written the novelist submits it to the criticism of his wife. He works during the day, and in the evening, when the domestic duties of the simple household have been done, Lie descends from his library and reads what he has written to the one critic by whose opinion he will submit to be guided.

A. P.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Who said that no good thing of the Socker persuasion could come out of Oxford University? The Rugbyists on the Isis we know, so do the London Scottish, but this is by the way. As for the Oxford Associationists, their play is a revelation. I am now speaking more particularly of the forwards. They have left off the old individual rushing

tactics and gone in for science. They came up to London the other day, invaded Caledonian Park, and walked all over the London Scots. This was a taste of what they could do. A few days later—last Wednesday, in fact—they defeated a strong team of Casuals at Leyton. The mere fact of winning, however, was but a trifle. A team can play well, very well, and lose. One must not always judge by results. Supposing, for instance, Oxford and Casuals had only played for forty-five minutes, Oxford would have been beaten, and yet they were immeasurably the better team. It is strange, but true, that a team may press their opponents too



Photo by Palmer, Croydon.

E. GODFREY BURR.

much. During the greater portion of the first half the Oxford forwards simply swarmed round the Casual goal, and yet they only scored once, while the Casuals, breaking away on a very few occasions, were lucky to get a couple of points. In the second forty-five the play was more even, but the scoring was almost all in favour of Oxford, who ran out winners by four to three.

I dwell upon the Oxford play because it shows a departure in Varsity football. Pretty, short, sharp passing has superseded the old amateur kick and rush. It may be that the new style will not be more effective than the old, but that is not everything. The winning of matches even is not everything. To play the game as the Oxford forwards have learned to play it must, winning or losing, be a perpetual delight to the men engaged. And if this is not the aim of amateur football, then I want to know what is.

I promised to say something about the great match between Everton and Sunderland. It was one of those battles that ought to, and probably will, become historical. Up to the time they met, each side had only lost one League match, and both were equal favourites for championship honours. The fact that Everton were playing at home made them slight favourites, but only until the game began. Then it was seen that Sunderland were on their best behaviour. Was ever such passing, such finesse, such combination, such rhythmic movements, ever seen before? The spectators were spellbound, and even the opposition, who might be termed the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear to cheer. Playing against the wind, Sunderland scored twice in the first half. In the second they relaxed their efforts somewhat, but led by two to nil within five minutes of time. Everton were having more of the game, and the break away this time resulted in a goal. Two minutes before the finish, Everton, urged to desperation, came on again, and, from a free kick, the ball was rushed through and the score was equalised. Not one of the thirty thousand spectators could realise that the match had ended in a draw. Rarely has such a sensational finish been seen on a football field. If I remember rightly, I believe the famous Queen's Park Club were once three goals down in a Scottish cup-tie about ten minutes from time. Then they came away, and, scoring four times, won by four to three. It is finishes such as these that throw the glorious uncertainty of cricket quite in the shade.

Contrast and comment has often been made on the play of Holt of Everton and McCreddie of Sunderland. The latter used to be called "the hope of Scotland," and on his form in the recent match at Everton the title was more than deserved. McCreddie is the younger man, and is still coming on, while Holt has probably passed the zenith of his fame. Comparisons are also made between the play of these brilliant centre-forwards—Campbell of Sunderland, and Southworth of Everton. In the match under notice Campbell was as sun unto moon, as wine unto water.

Footballers of all persuasions must be delighted at the extraordinary success of Preston North End. Their drawn game against the Rovers at Blackburn is one of the best things North End has done this season. It may not be that they will finish either second or third in the League,

but, considering what they have come through, the wonder is that they are anywhere near it. Last season there was a danger of the old North End club being relegated to the Second Division, if, indeed, it did not collapse altogether. That would have been a calamity.

Is it that Sheffield United are really so good as their League position indicates, or are they only very lucky? They beat their great rivals the Wednesday Club, the other week, by three to two, and yet it would be difficult to say that they were the better team. I am a believer in luck, but only up to a certain point. I believe that clubs, to a great extent, make their own luck. Given a favourable start and a strong belief in their own powers, there is no limit to what they may be able to do, even against clubs intrinsically superior. Confidence is more than half the battle, and when a club gets into a running sequence of successes it is always difficult to beat. Men who believe in their luck usually play up to it.

Chiefly to this reason I attribute the rather remarkable success of Woolwich Arsenal. They have not tasted defeat in their last ten matches, and among their victims are to be numbered Sunderland and Bury, the latter having only been defeated once this season. Now no one who knows anything about the game believes for a moment that the Arsenal are equal to one or two of the clubs they have defeated. Who would even say that they are good enough to play a drawn game against Notts County at Nottingham?—and yet they did it. If their success be not due to ability, then we must fall back upon luck. But the luck I speak of is, perhaps, only another kind of ability.

If I speak very highly of the Oxford Rugby fifteen, I hope I shall not be accused of partiality. The only thing to which I am partial is proved ability. Like Providence, I like to be on the side of the big battalions. What a showing-up Oxford gave London Scottish when they beat them by two goals and two tries to nil. I don't think the Scottish, which includes a large proportion of international, have been so overplayed for years. And now we hear people saying that the present Oxford fifteen are the best they have had since Vassal's time. Good old Vassal's time! The bump of veneration must be very large in some people. We are apt to put the heroes of the past upon a pedestal. In my opinion, Vassal's team was only great by comparison. If it were possible to import Vassal's team into 1894, the chances are that they would be fairly at sea with our modern tactics. In the science of passing, Vassal's backs would be little more than babies, compared with our present men, and although his forwards might, by dint of much shoving and sheer strength—which still counts for something—hold their own, it is just as likely that the wheeling and screwing and heeling-out tactics would more than counterbalance the best that can be said of the old style of play.

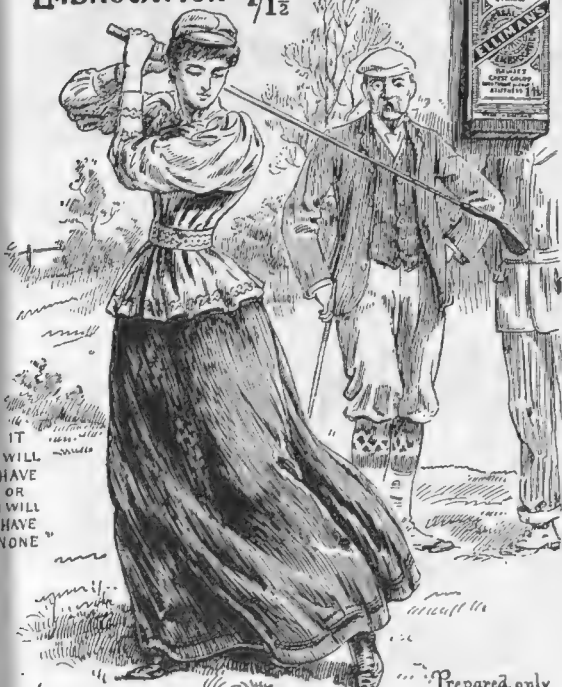
Time was when schoolmasters, clergymen, and "all sich" looked askance at football. Now they are all tumbling over each other to develop the game. The testimony of those who know best is that football is a splendid disciplinarian for the young. So, at least, says the Rev. E. Godfrey Burr, of Croydon. This gentleman originated the Croydon Schools Association, his idea being that town schoolboys should be able to enjoy the same sports and games as those which form a necessary part of a public school education. The Rev. Mr. Burr, who is a St. John's College man, was born in Norfolk, in 1865, and learned his football at Clifton College. He was also captain of the St. John's College boat, and was in the College fifteen. Another gentleman who has done a great deal for school football is Mr. W. J. Wilson, a South London schoolmaster. Those who wish to see the product of Mr. Wilson's work among South London children should go to the Oval next Saturday, where they will see the London schoolboys opposed to the schoolboys of Manchester. Those boys play the game as cleverly as the best of their seniors, and the effect upon their health and minds is of the best. Mr. Wilson says that it improves their physique and general bearing, and trains the boys to habits of obedience and self-control. "We teachers never have any trouble in school with the boys of the football team."



Photo by Clarke, Clapham Junction.

W. J. WILSON.

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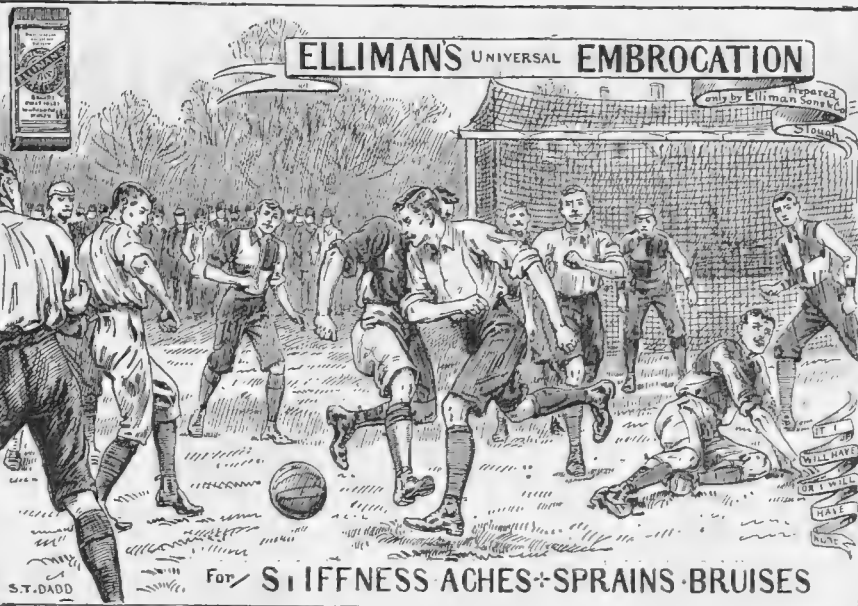
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FOOTBALL

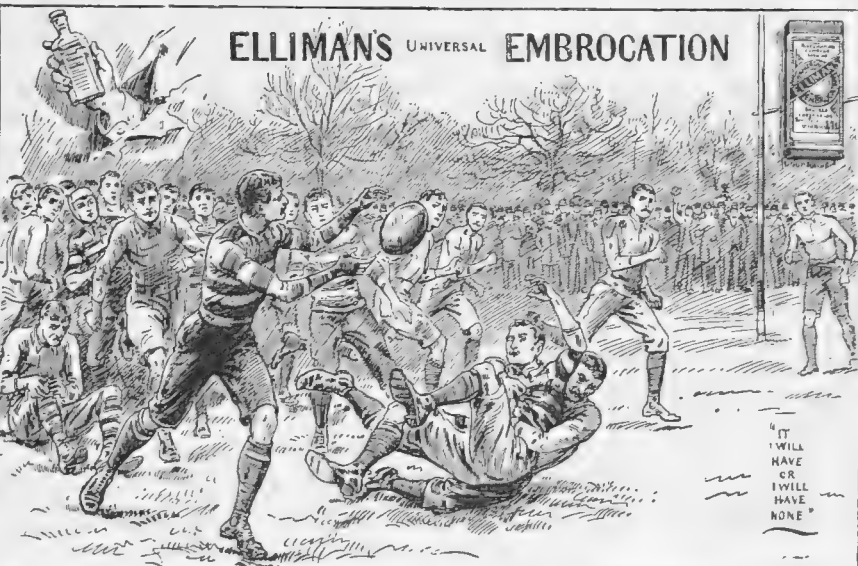
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ENAMEL.

THE HELMET.

When I was a young man of about nineteen or twenty years of age I was with a concert party on tour, and among our other engagements was one at the theatre of a large country town. We had a crowded house, and everything went off well—perhaps a little too well for me, as the sequel will prove.

In the course of the concert two or three of us, when we were not required on the stage, amused ourselves in a spirit of fun not uncommon to young men at our age, by getting into the property-room and fitting on the various costumes used in the theatrical performances. I had arrayed myself in a complete suit of armour, the helmet of which had an immense white plume on the top of it, and was strutting about full of martial ardour, and drawing a comparison, very favourable to myself, with the Black Prince, Julius Cæsar, and all the ancient military swells I could think of, when I heard the voice of the "call boy" saying "Mr. Wells's flute solo next on." I hastily disencumbered myself (with the assistance of the "call boy" and a friend) of all the armour excepting the helmet, when I heard the manager call out "The stage waits!" I tugged frantically at the wretched helmet, which utterly declined to descend from its elevated perch. The whole company were by this time gathered around me, each one suggesting something or other to relieve me of this horrid incubus, and I thought they would have pulled my head off in their friendly efforts to assist me, but all to no purpose. At last the manager said, "Helmet or no helmet, I can't keep the stage waiting any longer, so you had better play with it on, and it will be a capital advertisement. I will go on and say something pleasant to the audience, to prepare them for it!"

How I cursed this sordid wretch, who could talk of his advertisement amid the anguish I endured at being compelled to submit to such a degrading and humiliating ordeal (picture a man in a helmet and a dress suit!); however, there was no alternative; I had to make my way in the world, I could not refuse to do what I was professionally paid for, and it was my own folly, and no fault of the manager, that had placed me in this ridiculous position. Reasoning thus, I screwed up my courage, put a bold face—half of which could not be seen—on the matter, and walked steadily to the footlights. Ye gods, and all the representatives of the finny tribe! shall I ever forget the demoniacal yells that saluted me from all parts of the house? A sea of upturned, open mouths, all laughing as if for a wager, and I were the judge appointed to decide which of them could laugh longest and loudest; some of them, whose mouths were larger than Nature usually accords to the sons of men, seeming to have no face left.

I waited patiently, flute in hand, knowing that, as a calm precedes a storm, so it also succeeds it, and feeling rather interested in a physiological study which I might never have again. By degrees, the noise became fainter and more faint, until at last it died away altogether. I stood quite still until there was perfect silence, and then made a very low bow, intending it to appear more as a sarcastic revenge for the mirth they had enjoyed at my expense than deference to them, but here fate again arrayed itself against me, for the long plume in the helmet, which all this time had hung gracefully down my back, rolled right over towards the audience, covering my face, or as much of it as was visible, completely. Off they started again for another five minutes' laugh, but I had had enough of it, so, giving the signal to the pianist, who had been waiting sitting at the piano, I desperately plunged the flute into the melancholy helmet and dashed into my solo, to test the accuracy of the poet who assures confiding mortals that "Music soothes the savage breast."

Whether it was the music, or the novelty of hearing a flute solo under such peculiar circumstances, or sheer exhaustion from laughing so long, I know not, but they certainly sat as quiet as mice, and vociferously attempted to encore the piece; but no, I was pining to exult in the cheerful exhilaration always produced by a change, so left a vacancy, my anxiety being chiefly in the direction of a blacksmith to remove the heavy weight on my mind. One was at last procured, and I was once more a free man, a little sadder, perhaps, but certainly a good deal wiser.

In calling up this memory of the past, I feel once more the distressing symptoms creeping over me—the cold perspiration, the nervous twitching, the feeling of being led to immediate execution, and the feeble attempt to muster up sufficient courage to appear to "die game."

The sarcastic and bantering chaff of the blacksmith was very irritating, and when, among other things, he wound up his flood of rhetoric by saying "he thought he must have died of laughing," I devoutly wished he had; indeed, I at one time meditated a personal attack upon him, and cannot now say exactly why I did not carry it into effect, unless it could have been that the fact of his standing six feet four inches, and gaining his living by knocking something about every day of his life, influenced me in my decision to let him off as beneath contempt.

The lifelong impression produced by this incident is so vivid, that I could moralise and talk about it for another hundred pages, but as I am not aware that the reader is a personal enemy of mine—or, if he be, I decline to pose in the character of Nemesis—I will spare him, however justified I might be in taking advantage of the opportunity, and I sincerely trust that after this noble magnanimity he will consider the sufferings I have described as sufficient expiation for any cause of offence he may have against me.

BENJAMIN WELLS.

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. H. Goatley, who writes so pleasantly on racing matters, and tips so successfully in the *Evening News* over the signature of "Milo," is well known in the sporting world. "Milo" hails from a good stock. To



Photo by Hailey, St. John's Wood.

MR. H. GOATLEY.

having heretofore been proof against all friendly overtures. Even when the proprietors of that fine painting, "The Lawn at Sandown Park," solicited him to sit for the canvas, to their regret, the petition fell upon ears that were deaf.

The early days of the future "Turf Prophet and Journalist," like those of the poet, were but doubtful joys. Too delicate for Harrow, private tuition superseded public school life. In contrast to Pope, however, "Milo" gained strength with stature, and finally blossomed into robust and triumphant manhood. For a time he studied medicine, then he flirted with the long robe and the Bar; but still restless, his true vocation was not struck until journalism claimed her versatile son, and the king of sports, or the sport of kings, found in him a bright and racy chronicler.

Despite the first signs of weight which inevitably overtake a man of big frame when he touches the thirties, "Milo" is an exceedingly inconvenient customer with the gloves. Standing six feet high, erect, lithe, quick as a cat, and carrying his intelligent head with a free and jaunty grace, it is patent to the *cognoscenti* that he must be a very able exponent of fisticuff science. As a matter of fact he can play as light as a dancing orchid at the end of a four-foot stem, or punch as hard as a two-ton hammer in a Nasmyth forge. Personally, when, like his classic namesake, I see him step into the charmed circle, the words of an admiring Brummagem nail-maker, anent the Squire of Halston, invariably suggest themselves to my memory: "Dang it! ha looks loike a good 'un; they tells me ha can foight 'nation well."

The Liverpool Autumn Cup is generally a big medium for speculation, and this year's race will prove no exception to the rule. We have no Sun of a Gun thrown in with a featherweight, and the winner may take some finding. I think, taking the book for it, Avington ought to go very close indeed, and I cannot, for the life of me, understand how Sir W. Throckmorton's Champion ever came to be beaten by Simon Fraser at Lewes last year. True, the weather was of the worst on that day, as it rained, hailed, and snowed alternately; but the going was, as it always is on the South Downs, as sound as an asphalt track.

Our jockeys will soon be going into winter quarters. John Watts will, I presume, go hunting, as usual; so will M. Cannon and Fred Webb. George Chaloner, no doubt, will do a bit of pigeon shooting, at which he is an adept. Sam Loates, of course, will get plenty of practice with the cue, and Teddy Martin will course with his greyhounds. Tom Loates loves following the hounds, and he is not above riding at exercise occasionally in the winter to keep himself fit. G. Barrett, I believe, winters abroad for his health. Dick Chaloner intends starting as a steeplechase jockey, but I hope he will meet with a better experience at the new game than Rickaby did. Rickaby rode in one hurdle race only, that was on Greywell at Manchester, and he was after that glad enough to give up cross-country work.

NOTE.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Dame Fashion's votaries have good cause to congratulate themselves this season, and to renew their vows of allegiance with loyal alacrity, for never has their sovereign lady been so mindful of the well-being of her subjects, nor studied with more care the effects of her caprices upon their appearance, the result being that any woman who does not look at her very best during the next few months must blame herself, and herself alone, for both styles and fabrics are eminently becoming. As for the evening gowns, they are lovely enough to make the veriest female hermit long to plunge headlong into the whirl of the season's festivities, just for the sake of wearing such veritable things of beauty. For instance, is there one woman who could resist a gown such as this: a full, perfectly plain skirt of turquoise-blue satin—that fabric which now reigns supreme in the stead of the once ever-present moiré antique—is surmounted by a satin bodice, draped round the figure

leaves, this lovely fabric tying in a large bow in front. In yet another dress, the skirt was of an entirely different character, being gathered on the hips, in addition to being very full at the back, while down each side in front passed two narrow bands of dark-hued fur, ornamented with numerous little bow-ends of pink moiré ribbon, each one fastened by a diamond buckle. The skirt itself was composed of rose-pink satin, and there was a corselet bodice of ivory-white velvet, not drawn tightly round the figure, but slightly shirred here and there, and entirely covered with embroidery in gold and iridescent beads. This corselet was bordered with fur and softened by draperies of pale pink chiffon, which were caught in front by a high looped band of satin ribbon, and two bunches of velvet pansies in a dark shade of violet, the puffed sleeves of chiffon being again finished with bows of satin ribbon. A startlingly-beautiful effect was secured by a combination of pale-yellow chiffon, creamy lace, and vivid scarlet velvet, these composing a bodice which was worn with a plain white satin skirt. The full drooping sleeves were of the chiffon over satin, and there was a full front



and fastened at the back with two paste buttons. The décolletage is bordered with a narrow fall of thick, yellowish, old lace, put on slightly full, and partly veiling a band of deep petunia velvet, which is draped round the corsage and forms a large bow in front, beneath which there is a curious breast-plate-like arrangement of deep cream velvet, studded thickly with jewels reproducing all the colours which appear in the dress, to which, on the left shoulder, is added a loose cluster of deep-hued violets and pink roses. The huge satin sleeves are a species of glorified puff, arranged in a manner which successfully baffles description, but which is beautiful exceedingly. I think that the combination of colours alone will immediately reveal this gown to you as one of the masterpieces of the Maison Jay in Regent Street, certainly the cut of the skirt would do so if you met the dress face to face anywhere, for Messrs. Jay's skirts are unique, and display the perfection of art in every one of their graceful folds. But then this was only one dress, and another which positively clamours for attention had a skirt of ivory-tinted satin, absolutely devoid of trimming, and so calculated to show off the elaborate bodice to the best advantage. This latter had voluminous sleeves of closely-tucked chiffon in a lovely shade of eau-de-Nil, and was itself composed of full folds of chiffon, covered at the sides with mellow-tinted lace, which formed an effective background for a line of dark fur, and having, as finishing touches, a draped collar of the ivory satin, tying at the back in a large bow, and fastened in front with a paste buckle, and a waistband—outlining the bodice just below the waist, be it noticed—of delightful chiné ribbon, on which, on a pale café-au-lait ground, were scattered blurred pink roses and their attendant

of the same airy fabric, the sides being formed of broad straps of red velvet, softened by an appliqué of lace. At neck and waist there were bands of yellow moiré, finished with loops and bows of red velvet and flashing paste buckles—could anything be more lovely? I thought not until I saw another exquisite gown of black satin, studded with metallic green sequins, the bodice being veiled with net thickly embroidered with jet and green sequins, and trimmed on the corsage with graceful draperies of old lace, forming loosely-knotted ends at each side, a great flower in shimmering gold and green being placed near the left shoulder. The draped sleeves were entirely composed of the lace. A plain, enormously full skirt of black woollen moiré had a velvet bodice in a warm shade of golden-brown, the slightly overhanging blouse front, arranged in a broad pleat, bordered at each side with several fine tucks, and having a yoke of cream guipure, jet embroidered. The waist was tied round with black satin ribbon, and the collar of white satin was ornamented with little outstanding points of eau-de-Nil velvet.

A glacé silk with a black-and-white Pekin stripe was bordered some distance above the hem with a band of mink, continued up each side in front, thereby giving a panel effect. The fur-edged bodice opened over a vest of mauve mirror velvet, and had two paste buckles at each side. Touches of white satin being introduced into the collar; and still another dress which owned Messrs. Jay for its creators was of white faille moiré as to the skirt, and white chiffon as to the bodice, on which were arranged graceful scarves of yellow chiffon, drawn through jet rings at the back of the waist, and falling to the bottom of the skirt. The fulness of the bodice was held in at the waist by a belt formed of

(Continued on page 99.)

USE

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17 & 18, PICCADILLY, W. (Corner of Air Street), And at 1 & 2, GRACECHURCH ST., CORNHILL, E.C., Respectfully announce that they have a Special Department for the Accurate Valuation or Purchase of the above. Established 1772. Appointments made if desired.

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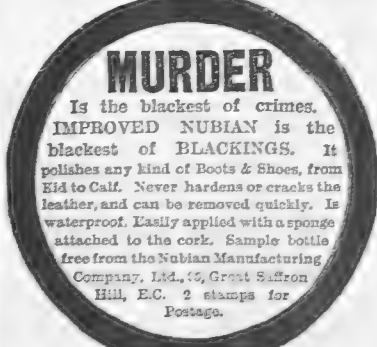
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The most comfortable garment for Ladies, Corsets, Hunting, Mountain Climbing, Tennis, and other Pastimes. AS WELL AS FOR ORDINARY WEAR. Will wash without shrinking. Write for the Illustrated Price List, free. Mention SKETCH.—KNITTED CORSET CO., 119, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

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MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

NOTICE.

Vinolia Soap basis is now supplied scented in 25 different ways, so that you can now have the purest of Soap and at the same time satisfy any preference you may have as regards the perfume.

We think it advisable to utter a word of caution to the public. Cold Cream Imitations of Vinolia Soap are to be found in thousands of shops throughout Great Britain. These are made by Soapboilers, boxed and supplied to the retailer with his own name on at a nominal cost. The retailer sells these in many instances at the price of first-class Soaps, frequently giving his clerks a 1d. a tablet whenever they sell their master's soap instead of Vinolia.

A Tablet of Vinolia Soap yields many gallons of Foamy, Cleansing, Emollient Lather, which, while cleansing thoroughly, does not rob the skin of its velvety smoothness and softness.

If your skin is sensitive it will generally tell you, by its dry feeling, that this or that soap with which you have just washed is too strong for you.

Premier Vinolia Soap 4d.	Blondeau's Cucumber and Glycerine Soap 6d.	Blondeau's Lettuce Soap 8d.
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ALWAYS TURNS OUT WELL.

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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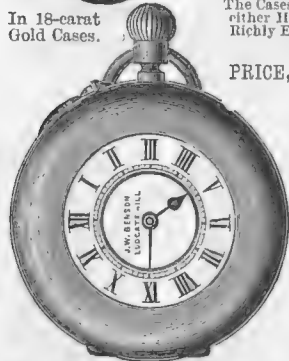
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medallions of jet, while a bold touch of colour was supplied by a cluster of deep orange-and-black velvet-petalled roses, which nestled on the shoulder on the left side, a knot of velvet ribbon in the same colours taking up a similar position on the right side. These sleeves again were of tucked chiffon.

But for striking originality and generally perfect style commend me to Messrs. Jay's latest production—a gown of tan-coloured cloth, the skirt having a seam right down the centre, bordered at each side with the merest suggestion of an edging of white satin ribbon, while a wonderfully becoming effect upon the figure was secured by radiating lines of stitching on the hips, the same idea being carried out on the tops of the full sleeves—which lapsed into tightly-fitting cuffs, scalloped out at the wrists—and again on the bodice, the scalloped edges of which just reached to the waist, and which was fastened with two great golden hooks and eyes, studded with minute brilliants, over a vest of white satin, enriched with two rows of mink. As to the collar, it was of broad gold braid, fur edged; and altogether this gown was a veritable inspiration, a remark which applies with equal force to a charming little arrangement which would give a finish to almost any costume. It consisted of a broad tie of chinchilla, the square crossed ends falling nearly to the waist, and the neck being encircled by a high pleating of turquoise-blue velvet, four bunches of violets being placed, one at each side, in the front and at the back. The whole thing was eminently *chic*, and to complete the effect, there was a muff composed of bands of chinchilla, frilled at each end with blue velvet, and decorated with artfully-placed bunches of violets. But, indeed, it is high time that the two sketches, which have been waiting patiently all this time for the share of attention which is their undoubted due, should have their patience rewarded; so let me tell you without delay of the colouring and fabric of these Maison Jay productions; as to the style, you can judge of that for yourself, and I fancy that your judgment will be distinctly and even enthusiastically favourable. One gown has a perfectly plain skirt of peach-coloured mirror velvet, the bodice being enriched with an effective embroidery in beads some shades darker than the velvet. The full-draped sleeves are of chiffon, of the same delicate colour, and are finished on the shoulders with shaded ribbons entwined with flowers. The second dress, again, has an absolutely plain skirt, but this time is of white satin, the graceful crossed drapery on the bodice being embroidered and fringed with jet beads, and held in at the waist with blue ribbon, which, in conjunction with some vivid red flowers, is again utilised as trimming on the corsage. And so, perforce, must end my catalogue of the good things upon which I feasted my eyes the other day, and which were calculated to make every woman break the tenth commandment till she did away with the necessity for doing so by transforming her neighbour's goods into her own.

Turning next for a moment to the fancy dress costumes, over the choice of which a good many of you will, I expect, be racking your brains at no very distant date, you might do very much worse than take one of "His Excellency's" daughters as your model, for the gowns in which they are delighting the Lyric audiences are pretty enough to make a decided sensation in any ball-room. One (Miss Jessie Bond's) has a full skirt of dark green silk, edged with a Vandyke border in a paler shade, and finished with a long apron of accordion-pleated *cau-de-Nil* chiffon. The open-fronted sleeveless coat is of velvet, richly embroidered in gold; the little rounded zouaves, which are laced over a chemisette of white chiffon, being also of the embroidered velvet, and from them depend festoons of pearls and gold sequins, the costume being further enriched by a liberal allowance of the picturesque Danish ornaments, and completed by a dainty little velvet cap, gold embroidered, and with a broad Alsatian bow at the back, with long streamers. Miss Ellaline Terriss's gown is made in exactly the same style, but is carried out in shades of coral-pink, the embroidery being in silver. Now from fancy-dress balls to weddings: I wonder if you remember some lovely bridesmaids' hats, made by Madame Yorke, of 40, Conduit Street, of which I told you the other week? Well, Lady Rosaline Bingham, whose wedding last Thursday was one of the events of the season, selected one of these for her bridesmaids, though she had it carried out in different colours, the brim being of brown felt, and the full crown of cerise velvet, bunches of violets being strewn on the brim. I may also tell you that Madame Yorke supplied all the hats for Lady Rosaline's trousseau.

A BEAUTIFUL NOVELTY.

It is only in the natural fitness of things that one of the loveliest novelties for table decoration—an art which claims a lion's share of attention nowadays—should emanate from that storehouse of lovely things at 100, Oxford Street, where Messrs. Osler provide us with all that is most beautiful and artistic in the way of china and glass. Shells of every imaginable shape have been utilised as the models for the handsome centre-pieces, the graceful corner-pieces, and the endless dainty little vases, which are destined to transform an ordinary dinner-table into a fairy-like expanse, upon which it is a positive delight to look. These shells, which are fashioned in Wedgwood china, and are wonderfully faithful copies of nature, are poised on twists and branches of coral, and you can get these truly pretty things, either in pure white china, or in creamy-white stippled with gold, and having the coral carried out in a natural shade of pink. Opinions will, I fancy, be almost equally divided as to which is more beautiful, but there is no getting over the fact that the white china is considerably cheaper, though the prices are in both cases surprisingly moderate. For instance, a charming double centre-piece is only 16s. 6d. in white, and 31s. 6d. in gold and pink, while a quaint little vase is priced respectively at 2s. 9d. and 5s. 6d.; so

you see there is nothing in the charges to alarm anybody. A complete set of seven pieces would make a charming wedding or Christmas present, and can be obtained for £5 1s. 6d. in white china, the more elaborate pink and gold being just double that amount; so in view of the alarmingly near approach of Christmas, I should advise you to keep the new shell table decoration in your mind. The pretty little ferns which fill the shells are embedded—to heighten the effect—in silvery sand instead of mould, which would look out of place in these dainty presentments of seaside treasures; and as to their variety of shape and ingenious beauty of arrangement, are they not to be seen in all their beauty at 100, Oxford Street, where I should cordially advise everyone of you to take your way as speedily as possible, for I can promise you an artistic treat when you get there, quite apart from the strong attractions of the new table decoration.

From the beautifying of the table to the providing of some of the good things in the way of edibles, without which the most original decorations would not, I fear, meet with all the appreciation they deserved, is an easy and necessary step, so let me draw your attention to the merits of some preparations which, if always represented in your larder, will do much towards making the household machinery work smoothly under the most trying circumstances. Now some of these are known to the world at large under the name of "Chivers' Jellies," and are indeed a boon and a blessing to housekeepers, for, these jellies being supplied in solid tablet form, have only to be cut into pieces and dissolved with boiling water, and there, in a very short space of time, you have an altogether delicious dish without any trouble, and—let me whisper it—at a merely nominal cost. Chivers' table jellies are flavoured with all kinds of fruit juices, and if you want to test them, all you have got to do is to forward 2½d. in stamps (for postage) to Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons, of Histon, Cambridge, who in return will send you (free of charge) a half-pint packet, together with the name of the nearest agent who supplies the jellies, which have, by-the-way, been awarded the gold medals of acknowledged and thoroughly proved excellence. During the forthcoming festive season they will be of very special convenience, so prepare yourselves by laying in a good store.

And, while on this subject, it would be impossible to pass over in silence the claims of Halford's Indian Curries, by means of which you can in a few minutes serve up a tasty and appetising dish, which even an Indian epicure would relish; but I have sung their praises before, and I fancy that you have listened to them and proved them true, so now I have only to tell you of a preparation just brought out by Messrs. Halford, and which bids fair to become just as popular for invalids as the curries are for the more robust folk. Halford's "Essence of Beef Jelly" is simply the concentrated essence of goodness from the best English and Scotch meat, and such care and skill are exercised in its preparation that it can be taken and enjoyed by the very weakest, for it is entirely free from any suggestion of a disagreeable flavour. Doctors join in acknowledging its advantages, so it is most satisfactory to know of such a preparation, which should always be kept in the house, in readiness for any time when the maximum of nourishment is wanted with the minimum of trouble. In addition to the beef jelly, there are essences of mutton and chicken jelly, so individual tastes can be suited. All chemists, &c., keep these essences, just as all stores and grocers keep the curries, so you need have no difficulty in obtaining them.

AN INTERESTING SALE.

A word to those who appreciate genuine bargains—I hear that to-day and to-morrow, Nov. 7 and 8, Messrs. Christie, Monson, and Wood will sell at their rooms the whole of the beautiful stock of Messrs. Ford and Wright, diamond cutters and merchants, of Clerkenwell Road, who have dissolved partnership, hence the sale. This stock consists of all sorts of diamond and gem ornaments and rings; and a good many of you may recollect seeing some portion of it at the Colonial Exhibition, where this firm had an exhibit and showed the process of diamond cutting. Wives, give your husbands a hint to attend the sale, for the result will be that you can have several valuable and beautiful ornaments for a price which would ordinarily have to be expended on one. FLORENCE.

We are requested to note an error in our account of the *Fortnightly Review* in a recent issue. It would appear that the *Fortnightly* was really founded by Mr. Danby Seymour, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Fred Chapman, and another gentleman, and that Mr. George Henry Lewes had nothing whatever to do with the foundation of the paper, he having been appointed editor in the ordinary way by the proprietors.

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ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Nov. 7, 1894.

Signature.....

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 3, 1894.

"Long live the Emperor Nicholas II. Hurrah!" said the Kaiser on Thursday evening last, and so say all of us. Probably, the general feeling of the Stock Exchange could not be expressed more concisely or more truly, for as we pointed out to you, the effect of the Czar's death had been quite discounted, and the markets, when they reopened yesterday, were, in fact, more cheerful than they have been for several days.

The Bank return was again a strong one, for, despite a decline of nearly a million in the reserve, the proportion to liabilities has fallen but $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and remains at an abnormally high figure. Discounts have been firm, but no rise in rates can be noted as yet, although we see signs of a brisker demand for money.

During the week no changes of any importance have been marked in Home Rails—one day we have a general slump, while the next the fractions which were shed during the previous twenty-four hours are recovered. Indeed, the market has been a perfect Paradise for the outside broker who runs stock against clients on the 1 per cent. cover dodge, for, what between the small fluctuations and the turn of the market, he has been able to close against his victims in nearly every case, and whichever way they were unlucky enough to operate. There seems to us a fair chance of profits in buying either little Chathams or South Eastern A stock, and as the Scotch traffics will probably show up well for the rest of the year, there may be a little spring in Caledonian Deferred at present prices.

Internationals all round have been wonderfully firm, and have generally improved. Our favourite stocks, such as Mexican Six Per Cent. and Uruguay Three-and-a-Half, have both been in strong demand, and a considerable rise in the former security is to be noted. Of course, rubbish like Colombian and Costa Rican bonds have fluctuated considerably, but it is now generally admitted that we are to expect a second default by the latter state, and the wonder is that its securities are not lower. Uruguay ex div. looks cheap, and we fully expect that this security will have a considerable rise whenever we get the next new spurt in things South American. The underwriting of the Chinese loan is said to be complete, and its issue may be expected any day. Whether it will "go" or not remains to be seen; but, as a very large broker said to us to-day, "it has been hawked too much." The security of the Customs revenue of the Treaty ports is in itself good enough for the amount of money which China wants to borrow, and whichever way the war ends, we should have little doubt that the stock is worth taking by the numerous investors who desire a high rate of interest, coupled with a reasonable second-class security.

We warned you a fortnight ago about Canadian Pacific shares, and they have had a big tumble since then. The story now circulated is that proposals for a new Canadian railway with a Government guarantee are about to be brought forward, and that the heavy selling which has undoubtedly taken place during the last few weeks is on account of local shareholders. However this may be, there is a screw loose somewhere, but we are inclined to anticipate a slight reaction on account of the profit-taking which is pretty sure to set in among the "bears." To what a state, dear Sir, must the Grand Trunk market be reduced when the last working statement is turned into a bull point, and the stocks actually rise on it. We distrust profoundly the arrangement made between the directors and the self-elected representatives of the shareholders at the recent meeting on Oct. 26, and we are surprised that the meeting was so willing to put blind faith in what looks like a "job." The road will drift into a receivership probably in the early part of next year, and then the share and bond holders will, when it is too late, remember the fate of the White Lead Company over which Sir Henry Tyler presided, and the Trustees Corporation, whose vice-chairman my Lord Claud J. Hamilton once was. The only chance of salvation was a clean sweep of those in high places, and that chance has been thrown away. The world, we know, dear Sir, is made up of rogues and fools—mostly fools; as was proved by the proxies which silly shareholders sent to the directors last week. Let us look forward to the end, and possess our souls in patience a few months longer.

The scheme of the committee of first mortgage bondholders of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Road is considered satisfactory; but as the plan will have to await the reorganisation of the Erie Road before it is carried out, the market did not show much rise in "Atlantic Firsts"; nevertheless, we consider the stock by no means a bad speculative lock-up, for it is sure to be among the first to feel any revival of activity in the Yankee market.

A silly story has been going round about a great railway combination to buy up the Manchester Ship Canal at a price which would provide about £7 10s. for the preference shareholders and £4 for the ordinary, but the thing is quite impossible—at least, for the present, however much the poor shareholders might desire it, to say nothing of the Baring Estate.

The case of the Western Australia Proprietary Gold Mines and Sir Malcolm Fraser, to which we alluded last week, before the matter was made public, has cast a queer sidelight on the promotion of gold mines now going on. The position of the colony's representative was very undignified, but we are glad he repented in time.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

BAYLEY'S WEST EXTENDED, LIMITED.—This Company, which is among the numerous brood of West Australian mines appealing for public support in London, is offering 20,000 shares of £1 each at par. It belongs to the group of which Mr. E. D. Oppert has been the promoter, and neither the directorate nor the prospectus are calculated to inspire too much confidence. Without actually claiming to be working the same reef as Bayley's Reward, the casual investor might easily understand that this was what the prospectus intended to convey, while as for the expert's report, although made to (and, we suppose, paid for by) the vendors, all that can be said about the property appears to be that "as far as can be judged it deserves to be prospected with every reasonable chance of success," and for this the public are to pay as purchase money £30,000! We trust they will not respond.

THE HARVEY CONTINENTAL STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED, is one of those American patent companies which have so often proved disastrous to investors. Any day a new invention might cut the ground from under the feet of this enterprise, and when we look at the list of the countries excluded from the operations of the concern, we marvel at the moderation of the promoters, who are asking only £100,000, out of a total capital of £120,000, for the invention. We hope the great British public will button up its pockets very tight over the tempting offer which this company makes them.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRINCE DAWN.—(1) We advise no dealings. (2) They are outside brokers. (3) Don't touch them. (4) A humbug. We beg you, for your own sake, to consign to the waste-paper basket whatever rubbish these people send you.

BEGINNER.—Don't begin. The sum you mention will probably be thrown away. If you were to buy 500 Uruguay 3½ stock, telling a respectable broker how much you can afford to lose, and, upon a rise of 1 per cent. buying 500 more, you might make a profit. Or, if you prefer it, buy ten Consolidated Goldfields of S. A. for a rise, and ten more if they go up. The firm has hitherto been respectable, but is reputed to have been hard hit in Mexican Rails. As to brokers, if you will comply with our rule for private letters we will send you the name of a respectable firm.

J. H.—(1) Perfectly safe. (2) The preference shares are a fair industrial investment, and, for that matter, so are the ordinary, if you are prepared to take bad years with good.

W. C.—We are much obliged for the tout's circular which you send us. These people run stock against clients, and it is to their interest to recommend people to speculate on small cover in active stocks, so that the turn of the market may enable them to close on the smallest movement. There is hardly a stock they recommend which would not enable them to do this on all bargains entered into with 1 per cent. cover. When you add to this that they generally sell to their victims at over the proper price, it is easy to see how the public get swindled. Can you send us an account of theirs with contangos charged in it?

W. S.—We are glad the firm we recommended have given you satisfaction.

JERSEY.—We hope our advice saved you from buying the Broken Hill shares, which have fallen considerably since we wrote. Let us know if you are satisfied with the brokers we recommended.

FRANK.—We consider (1) Cordoba and Rosario debentures a good speculative purchase. (2) Nitrate Rails also a good purchase to pay high interest. (3) Wait a week or two for the issue of the A Debentures of the Trustees Corporation, which will pay over 5 per cent. at the issue price. (4) Touts of the worst kind. You should have no dealings with them or in anything they recommend.

J. T. M.—We should sell Empire shares if we held them, as we believe they will be cheaper before the house is opened again. Palace shares are worth buying for a lock-up. Buy a few Paarl Central, Champ d'Or Deeps, New Chimes, or Buffelsdoorns for your mining speculation. If you had written a month ago we could have given you several certainties, but everything in the mining market has risen, and we rather expect a reaction, so it is hard to advise.

GAMBLER.—We hope the firm of dealers in lottery bonds whose name and address we have sent you will prove satisfactory. Several correspondents have written, expressing their satisfaction at the way their business has been conducted by the firm in question. Thanks for the postal order.

A. P.—We cannot execute your commission, but we have handed your letter to the best firm of dealers we know, and they will communicate with you.

W. D.—If you want answers by private letter you must pay the fee for the same. We have said this over and over again, so there is no excuse for your mistake; see rule 5 published above.

"HIS EXCELLENCY," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AS GEORGE GRIFFENFELD, GOVERNOR OF ELSINORE.

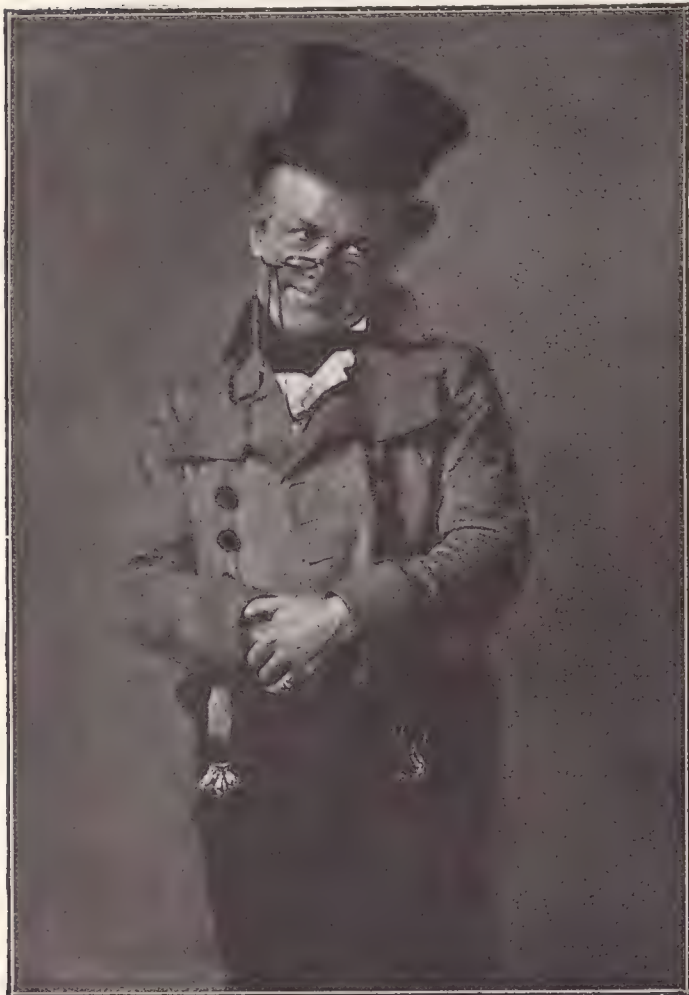
*"Quizotic is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,
Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said.
The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,
And every joke that's possible has long ago been made."*



MISS ALICE BARNETT AS DAME HECLA CORTLANDT AND
MR. JOHN LE HAY AS MATS MUNCK.



DAME HECLA CORTLANDT: "*Within this fragile body two tremendous Powers are in perpetual antagonism—a Diabolical Temper and an Iron Will.*"



MATS MUNCK: "*You lean no broken reed upon, O—
In Courts of Law and Venus
(I've practised much in both).
I'm always on my oath!*"



MATS MUNCK: "*If called upon in charity, O—
To justify my visitor,
I'll quote my popularity, O—
As a family solicitor.*"

THE LAUREATE OF OUR LIBRETTISTS.

If an account were taken of the amount of pleasure caused to the British people by its public men, Mr. William Schwenck Gilbert would be in the first class, for hardly any writer of the century, if any at all, has caused so much hearty healthy laughter, and caused it by such perfectly legitimate means. When a hardened playgoer thinks of the long series of thoroughly happy Gilbert "first nights" whose success is mainly due

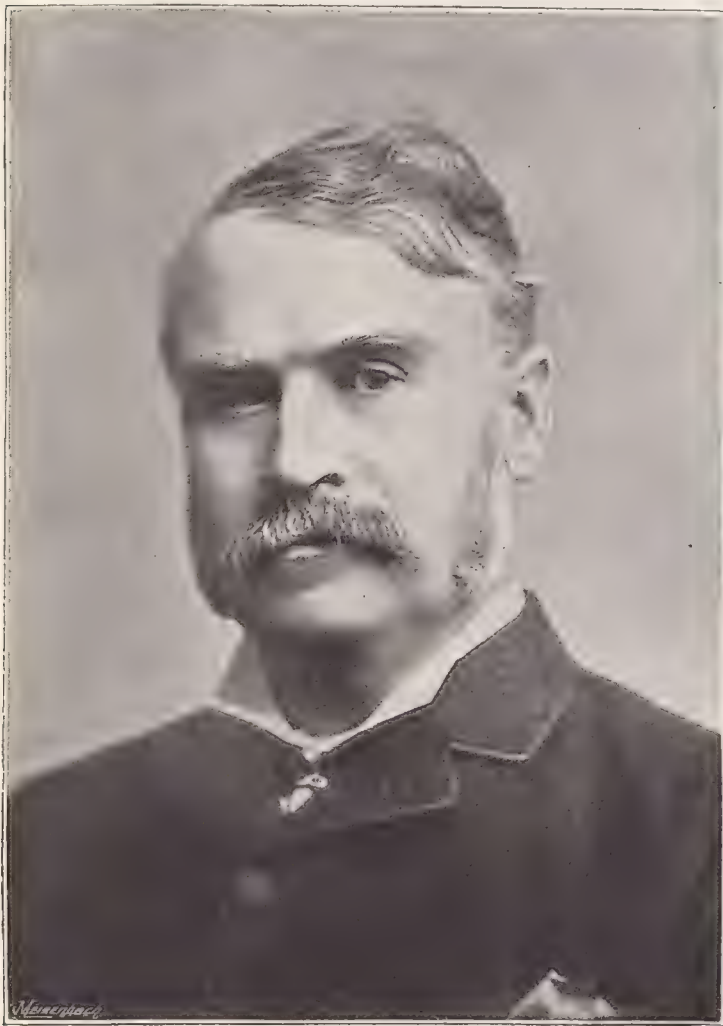


Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. W. S. GILBERT.

to the brilliant wit and inexhaustible humour of the author of the immortal "Bab Ballads," he cannot help a deep feeling of gratitude, and it is likely that even the dramatic critics would subscribe largely towards a testimonial to the great laugh-winner of the age. Mr. Gilbert, no doubt, has one thing against him: he has falsified the popular saying, "Laugh and grow fat," for were it true we should be the luckiest nation of the earth. Save in this one respect, one can find nothing but kindly words to utter concerning the writer who, in "His Excellency," has produced a work well worthy of the long-acclaimed title of "the laureate of our librettists."

DR. CARR'S MUSIC.

If it was Dr. Osmond Carr's misfortune that he has followed Sir Arthur Sullivan's collaboration with Mr. Gilbert, it has been no less his evil fate to be reminded of it to his own disadvantage by every critic who has undertaken to write upon the subject; and it was, therefore, perhaps inevitable that he should have been volubly informed that his production is only a rather good imitation of Sullivan. Now this is very unfair to the composer, who is here practically blamed for the consistency of Mr. Gilbert's style. It is not that Dr. Carr has imitated Sullivan, but that Mr. Gilbert is still Mr. Gilbert, and that *any* music set to the rhythms of that writer must necessarily remind one of former music set to precisely the same rhythms. Had Mozart followed Sir Arthur Sullivan as piper to Mr. Gilbert's poet it would probably have been said that he had imitated Sullivan in a very superior sort of manner.

For consider the very peculiar construction of Mr. Gilbert's lyrics and patter-songs—

O happy was that humorist—the first that made a pun at all—
Who when a joke occurred to him, however poor and mean,
Was absolutely certain that it never had been done at all—
How popular at dinners must that humorist have been!

It is clear that it would be possible to set the first three lines of this stanza to the opening bars of "Rule Britannia"; but then it would no longer be a patter-song, the essence of which consists in fitting each syllable as nearly as possible to one note. Now, if this kind of music is fitted tightly like a glove upon a very marked rhythm—such as this is—the difference between one patter-song and another set to these words

would—superficially, at all events—be very slight indeed. So remarkable is the truth of this observation, that, for the last two or three of the Gilbert-Sullivan series, Sullivan himself must have grown quite accustomed to the accusation that he freely imitated himself. And nobody thought of casting the blame on Mr. Gilbert! Take, for example, Sir Arthur Sullivan's old setting of Mr. Burnand's version of "Cox and Box," as brilliant a little production, in its own humorous way, as any musician of Sullivan's then years has achieved. It has no more likeness to Dr. Carr's setting of Mr. Gilbert's new book than had "Haddon Hall," by Sullivan himself, to any of the Gilbert-Sullivan series—a fact which should be borne in mind.

As to Dr. Carr's own personal work upon this libretto, it must at once be acknowledged that a great deal of it is very pretty and very piquant; more often it strikes one as peculiarly appropriate. Harold's song in the first act, for example, "Though I'm a soldier, all pugnacity," makes you feel, in spite of its extreme simplicity and its complete lack of surprise, that it is exactly what the situation demands; and the ballet music for the Hussars in the second act is extremely and gaily pretty. Christina's Bee song, "A hive of bees, as I've heard say," sung to guitar accompaniment, is not a very striking or original melody, but, at all events, it has a sense of humour and freshness about it. Dr. Carr has been widely informed that he has no great sense of humour, and it is true that in this respect, in this gift of minor musical humour, he ranks very far behind Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose delicate orchestral jests were, in their way, real discoveries. As a Handelian light mimic, a rôle in which Sullivan succeeded admirably in his "Cox and Box," Dr. Carr is scarcely less successful. Erling's song, "When I bestow my bosom's store, which belongs to this category, has a decided finish and pretty polish about it which shows its composer's musicianly gifts perhaps at their best. He is no less good in a quick Handelian chorus, at the beginning of the first finale, in which the chorus hammers out a response to two indignant questioners—

That statue, who commissioned it?
The King!
And on that spot positioned it?
The King!

In this brief composition Dr. Carr shows a quality of energy which he would do well to cultivate. In fact, if he will take himself seriously, and resolutely reject commonplace devices, commonplace symmetries, trusting to his own ear and to his own inspiration *rather than to the ear of the world*, he will succeed better than the public dreams of now. He has musicianly gifts, but he starts handicapped in the race. Whoever will undertake the composition of Mr. Gilbert's libretti must be prepared to risk

Photo by Hanson, Great George Street, Leeds.
DR. OSMOND CARR.

the comparison from which Sullivan himself was not delivered. Mr. Gilbert has a strong and virile hand; his books are eminently muscular, and unless the music can overshadow the book partially, it is certain that the world will regard that music as a handmaiden, rather than as a companion of the libretto. The inevitable result will be that Mr. Gilbert's own idea of writing comic opera rather than drama will come to naught. The play will be the thing; the music—nothing. It would be absurd, of course, to claim that Dr. Carr's interesting score deserves the praise that has in the past been accorded to Sir Arthur Sullivan's scores; it is Dr. Carr's first essay, and he is about as unlike Sir Arthur Sullivan as most men could easily be who undertake to set a book by Mr. Gilbert. If he needs encouragement he also deserves it, for his was no light task to undertake, no light risk to run. Utter failure itself would have been pardonable, and Dr. Carr has by no means utterly failed,



MISS NANCY McINTOSH, AS CHRISTINA, THE BALLAD SINGER.

*"I've learnt, in fine,
What a god divine
A chivalrous knight' may be,"*



MISS JESSIE BOND AS NANNA, GOVERNOR GRIFFENFELD'S DAUGHTER.



NANNA: "Isn't the aristocracy quick at grasping the situation?"



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS THORA, GOVERNOR GRIFFENFELD'S DAUGHTER.



THORA: "Oh! aren't the nobility shrewd?"

"Merely two pretty young ladies of quality, piquante and pleasant—but merely mortality!"



MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR AS CORPORAL HAROLD, OF THE
KING'S HUSSARS.
MISS GERTRUDE AYLWARD, AS BLANCA, A VIVANDIÈRE.



CORPORAL HAROLD :

*"Oh, you may laugh at our dancing-schoolery,
It's all very well, it amuses you,
But how would you like this dashed tomfoolery
Every day from ten to two?"*



CORPORAL HAROLD AND MR. JOHN LE HAY, AS MATS MUNCK,
THE SYNDIC OF ELSINORE.



MATS MUNCK: *"When a man is promoted unexpectedly to a position of the highest official distinction, it is always a satisfactory circumstance when his figure is calculated to set off his uniform to advantage."*

MR. A. PLAYFAIR, THE DANCING CORPORAL.

The first big laugh in "His Excellency" occurs when the gallant Danish Hussars, headed by Harold, their corporal, come hopping on the stage, and then keep up a kind of dancing step, while the corporal, who seems an embodiment of perpetual motion, sets out in song the grief of the hapless tee-to-tum warriors. The energy that Harold throws into the last stanza almost seems to suggest that he has too much of his comic business—

Oh, you may laugh at our dancing-schoolery!
It's all very well, it amuses you;
But how would you like this dashed tomfoolery
Every day from ten to two?

Later on in the evening Harold and his men cause vast merriment by their ballet in which the Hussars, in full uniform, dance a complicated concerted piece, and Mr. Playfair, with no small technical skill and a fine



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.

fatuous air of grace, gives the light-toed manœuvres of an orthodox *prima ballerina assoluta* doing the coda of Italian ballet. It seemed to me that Mr. Playfair would be a good subject for an interview. On my way to his dressing-room I had an unexpected pleasure, for among the pretty girls trooping off the stage was Miss Ellaline Terriss in her charming dress of apricot-blossom-coloured silk. Need I say how a few words of staircase gossip with the delightful, brilliant artist compensated me for braving the horrors of the wettest, dirtiest night in the record of London.

"The dance was taught to me very carefully by John D'Auban step by step, and I had to practise and rehearse a great deal. I can and do manage an imitation of most of the steps of the ladies whose costume seems to consist of a sunshade and a pair of braces, as one of the comic papers said. *Entrechats*? No, I can't do an *entrechat*. I haven't a chance of twiddling my legs, for we wear our spurs, and if I tried I should tear my leg, or trip and fall over the footlights, and—"

"Kill a fiddler, as the old tale puts it. But why wear spurs?"

"I don't want to, but Mr. Gilbert says we're cavalry, and cavalry wear spurs, so you see—"

"Yes, but we shouldn't see. It's funny what a fuss is often made behind the footlights about details quite invisible, or, at least, unnoticeable from the front. You must get awfully tired of your dancing—don't you hate the encores?"

"Hate the encores? I should be wild if we didn't get them; it's a bit of a breather, but I quite enjoy the dance."

"Not so much as the audience."

"The people on the stage find it very funny; there used to be great laughter during the rehearsals. Yes, of course, Mr. Gilbert rehearsed us—what a wonderful stage-manager! One learns ever so much from being staged by him. Was I intended for the stage? No, for the army, not unnaturally. My father is Major-General A. L. Playfair, of the Indian Army, and my grandfather was Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, so the family traditions were against the stage. I was born in India about twenty-five years ago, and went to school at St. Mary's College, near Birmingham, and thence to the Oxford Military College; however, the glare of the footlights was too attractive."

"Yes; but you are one of the moths whose wings remain unsinged. What was your first stage work?"

"In 1887 I began by a three weeks' tour, without salary, in the Isle

of Man, appearing in a small part in 'Jim the Penman,' as a member of Mr. Balsir Chatterton's company."

"You came up to London far quicker than most young actors. I remember you in 'The Prancing Girl' at the Prince of Wales's, doing a wonderful imitation of Beerbohm Tree. How do you study your imitations?"

"I don't know. I went to see my subject in 'Captain Swift' two or three times, and—and there it was. Wyndham I learnt when I had a thinking part in 'The School for Scandal.' By-the-bye, Miss Ellaline Terriss, who has made such a hit in 'His Excellency,' was understudy in that production. I was one of the uneloquent guests. One of my most important engagements was Giorgio in 'The Mountebanks,' and I took Wyatt's part for a week, and as I pleased Mr. Gilbert here I am. By-the-bye, he's wonderfully kind in the way he takes trouble to praise people who do what he considers good work."

"Gaiety? Oh, yes; I had a long turn there," he replied. "In 'Cinder-Ellen' I believe the public never tumbled to the trick that poor Fred Leslie and I used to play. We were dressed quite alike. It was announced that I would give imitations of him, and then he used to come forward and imitate himself with a fine, quaint touch of caricature. We were sufficiently like one another for the public to be deceived, and when the call came—it always did—I used to take it and get the credit. When there was a double call we came on together for it, and sometimes he'd give a wink that caused some, but not many, of the people to understand the game. Then, you know, I took Arthur Roberts's part of Captain Coddington in 'In Town.' There was a lot of work that I did at the Trafalgar Square Theatre in 'The Babble Shop,' imitating Wyndham; in 'Diplunacy,' mimicking Forbes-Robertson; in 'Tom, Dick, and Harry,' when I was Harry."

"You've forgotten 'Mam'zelle Nitouche,' in which you took off Mr. George Edwardes very cruelly. I remember, too, Sir Redan Tapeleigh in 'Go Bang'; it's a wonderful set of parts for so young an actor."

"You've missed 'Don Quixote,' at the Strand. I've been very lucky, you know. Some people said I'd never be more than a mere mimic. However, I've—well, if I could please Mr. Gilbert as Harold—"

"And please the public and critics as well, you've clearly falsified the prophecy. Have you any turn for writing?"

"Not much, but I've finished a tale for the *Pelican*, and I'm going to try my hand at a burlesque. It can't be worse than some that I've seen."

Just at this moment the popular Frank Boyd, editor of the *Pelican*, came in, and after the usual manner of editors pitched into Mr. Playfair



Photo by Hana, Regent Street, W.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, MANAGER OF THE LYRIC THEATRE.

for being late with his "copy." However, peace was restored when the manuscript was produced, and then the interview was merged in a triologue.

MONOCLE.



MR. AUGUSTUS CRAMER AS DR. TORTENSSSEN, A YOUNG
PHYSICIAN.



GOVERNOR GRIFFENFELD: "I do all I can to make my soldiers
amusing—I place them in all kinds of ridiculous situations."



MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM AS ERLING SYKKE, AND NANNA.

NANNA: "My wedded life
Must every pleasure bring
On scale extensive!
If I'm your wife."



ERLING SYKKE: "All men must love whom I adore,
Or we fall out,
All men and I."